THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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MADELINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY W. WELLS.

I.

Thy father's halls are stately, Madeline,—
His towers betoken a prospect of wide lands,
His walls are tapestried with velvets fine,
And menials ever wait at thy commands,
And thou canst rest 'neath many a silken fold
Of purple hues and gold;—
Why sittest thou then on this grey stone at eve,
Pondering so deeply, Madeline?
What seest thou in yon radiance divine,
The fading splendors of the summer heaven?
Thy cheek reposing careless on thy hand,
Thine eye with dreamy gaze upturned where
The first pale star floats in the azure air:—
Let me thy musings share,
My Madeline!

II.

What dost thou see within the dusky woods
That wave those old baronial halls around?
Breathing with hollow sound
Old nature's speech of solemn mystery,
Then swelling like the distant roar of floods,
Or the deep murmur of the moonlit sea.
Seest thou the forms that throng yon shadowy cells
Gliding with rustling footstep through the grove;
The spirit of the wind within them dwells,
The sylvan sisters in light measure move
Down the dim vistas of the forest scene,
The Dryad glides the mossy trunks between;
And as thou dreamest thus in pensive mood,
See there two flying forms that pass the view!
Hark from afar the Satyrs wild halloo,
And Pan pursuing Syrinx through the wood!

III.

And that old volume with quaint clasps of gold
Hath waked thy fancy, Madeline.
It tells the legends of the days of old,
While sweet romance is in its every line.
And Launcelot and Arthur, and the time
Of wizards, giants and maidens fair as thee,
Have filled thy soul with their wild poesy,
And borne thee to a land of solitude,
Of mystic caverns, haunted field and flood,
And a soft radiance pours adown thy dreams.
Oh let me share in these congenial themes!
And frame a world for but thy soul and mine,
My dreamy, pensive Madeline.

Dickinson College.

Hannah Dare's Christmas Gift.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

She drew a sigh and looked out of the window; such a sigh that thinking of it now, my heart aches suddenly to remember.

But in that sight of hers there was hardly any pain. It was a long, slow, hopeless sort of breath, one that seemed to struggle up from some dark, cold sleep of her soul.

There was no long drawn breath of relief, no hint of rest to come, about it, such as under the circumstances one might have looked for.

For the day's labor was done for this girl. It was time to go home now. Such a press of customers as they have had all that day! Only time to snatch a hasty lunch, and then back to the work—the work from which there was no change nor rest.

How her arms ached with lifting the heavy goods, and holding them in the varied lights—how her fingers smarted with drawing the cords around packets, and bundles small and large, for it was the day before Christmas, and everybody was out, buying gifts to commemorate that season which brought to the whole world the one "*Gift* unspeakable."

The name of this girl, who stands now by the store window, looking up at the sky overhead, is Hannah, a homely one, and yet not without a certain pleasant, wholesome sound which clings about its associations in most memories. Hannah Dare. She is young, but not very, for her years must have reached, by this time, midway up her twenties, and her thin, colorless face looking up at the sky, has in it now nothing certainly to make it praised or desired.

And yet touch those faint lips with a fine carnation of bloom, breathe life and warmth over those thin hollow cheeks, inspire those dark eyes which carry now such a dead depth of gloom in them, with quick lights of hope and gladness, and this face of Hannah Dare's would hold your gaze until it had brightened down into your heart, and made a place in your memory, out of which it would not vanish for years.

What did she stand there for looking up at the sky, until the store boy came to put up the blinds?

The sky was clouded over that night with a dead, gray wrapping, through which shone no light of stars, nor glory of the moon; a wan, bleak sky, with a pallor as of death in it; for the heart of the year was grown old now, it would only throb a few days more and lie down to die. In the sky of this Christmas eve, was no "life," nor promise for eyes that looked up to it, as this girl Hannah Dare's did, asking, seeking God blindly.

Outside, the weather was warm for the season. A moist, clinging chill penetrated the air; and penetrated beyond that into one's nerves and marrow, and the heart must needs have been in a great glow of warmth and light, into which sooner or later the slow moisture would not creep, and make a sick sort of shiver there.

One by one the lights are extinguished. It was time for Hannah Dare to be going?

Where?

I have not sat down here this morning to tell you the story of her life, only what one Christmas eve and morning did for her; and in order that you shall clearly understand this it is necessary that you should have some hint of what her past life had been.

She was an orphan now. In the wild world so far as Hannah Dare knew, she had not a solitary tie of kindred—not a solitary claim for protecting care, in her need and loneliness, on any living man or woman.

Yet she could look away down into the warm faces of years, when she had been the youngest, and pet of the household.

A small one it was at the best, for there was only one child beside Hannah, and he was a boy, a couple of years her senior.

They lived back "in the country," in a cheery old farm-house, and a merry heartsome life under the old roof Hannah Dare led, with the meadows and hillside pastures leaning away to the sea on one hand, and the mountains on the other.

A bright, careless, plump little lassie she was. Swift and deft about the great rooms of the old house, fond of her books, but quite as fond of a frolic, living in that out-of-the-way place, where modern improvements made slow progress, and she led much the sort of life our grandmothers did, going to quiltings, bees, and apple parings, and singing-schools; a wholesome, cheery, hearty way of living. Her father and mother were homely souled, honest, kindly people; managing with each year to get a living with happy hardy toil out of the acres about them, and contented with that.

At last the old father sickened and died, just as Hannah's years counted their nineteenth.

After that everything went wrong.

Daniel Dare, on whose shoulders the father's mantle had fallen, and who was now the hope and prop of the family, had always been a source of vague anxieties to the hearts that were bound up in him, especially as he developed from boyhood into youth.

A merry, good-natured, kindly-hearted fellow he was, keen and bright, too, loving to run his neck into all sorts of dangers, and certain to escape without a scratch—he was sure of foot, and steady of eye—where many another would have paid the penalty of his rashness with his life.

He was a favorite with almost every one, but especially with that class of indolent, jolly, reckless sort of men who are usually to be found lounging round the corners of streets and in country taverns, ready for a drink or a game of cards or a good joke.

Daniel Dare relished this sort of company quite too well. Indeed there was always, as I said, some vague fear for this boy, in the hearts of those who were knit closest to him. They feared some lack of moral stamina in the young man. They were never quite certain of him out of their sight. He had not the stern integrity of the old, God-fearing father, or the gentle mother, or Hannah, who would have gone to the gallows before she would have told a lie.

Things went bad, as I said, with Daniel Dare, when he stood up to take the place of his father among men. He fell into wrong company. He wasted his time, whether it was seed-sowing, or harvest, at the tavern, at horse fairs, in gambling saloons.

He went from bad to worse; neither his mother's prayers nor his sister's tears could bring him back to the right. He was touched—filled sometimes with keen remorse, he made solemn promises of amendment, and broke them.

It was pitiful to see him going that downward road—pitiful to see his spasmodic efforts at reform.

The end came at last. Daniel Dare fell into crime. There were some palliating circumstances about the commission of it, it is true, which his counsel might have made something of; but if Daniel Dare had been detected three hours earlier he would have gone to the penitentiary for several years as a thief.

He escaped, however. It seemed little short of a miracle, but he got on board a steamer for California, in disguise, and afterward was not heard of—not from that day to this.

He was dead, or worse, Hannah thought, her soul rising up bitterly against him, the brother of her youth; for long before this the poor old mother's heart was broken. The wood moss made a faint crimson flame on the grave in the old country churchyard.

Hannah's heart was younger and stronger. A mortgage on the old farm house was foreclosed, and Hannah Dare disposed of all inside of it that belonged to her, and with a couple of hundred dollars in her trunk—all she possessed in the world—she started for the city, to fight her battle with what stress of will and courage of heart remained to her. Her money, hoarded with the strictest economy, dwindled away while Hannah Dare was seeking, without friends or influence, in the great city where every face was a stranger's, employment of some sort.

She found it just as her last dollar was going and the winter was coming on—found it in a large store, where she waited behind the counter, early and late, and received a pitiful salary, just enough to pay for her board and lodging in the topmost attic of a crowded boarding house, and to furnish her wardrobe in a plain scanty fashion.

That was a year ago, and now every day the burden had seemed heavier, every day her heart had sickened more with loneliness and homesickness, and a dreary yearning for some eyes to look into that would hold some tenderness for her.

For Hannah Dare had a nature essentially clinging and womanly. She was not fitted to go out and fight alone and single-handed the hard battle of life.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

There hung, too, a dark, cold cloud about her—the thought of her brother's sin. It made her shy, sensitive, reticent. Neither at the store nor at the boarding house did she make friend or confidant.

The small figure, with its pale, wan face and dreary eyes, went and came amongst them, day by day, a stranger still.

And so, on this Christmas eve, Hannah Dare turned her gaze from the sky, which had no answer for her, and wrapped her gray shawl about her, and tied on her straw hat, and went out.

The sharp moisture of the air penetrated her at once, a shiver went all over her, and the sallow face settled down into a kind of frozen hardness.

The crowds of happy people who were to keep Christmas to-morrow with gift and festival, were mostly gone home, but somebody jostled her now and then as she kept on—she who had no home to go to!

All this time the thought kept growing and widening in her soul. It gave a wild gleam to her eyes, it settled the corners of the small, faint lips into a hardness, that if you had looked under the straw bonnet would have made you shiver to see.

"Nobody would bring her a Christmas gift," she kept saying to herself. Such days were not for her now. They were for the happy people, who, with eager, smiling faces, had jostled about her all day, and gone now to their pleasant homes, lying down on happy pillows, to dream as she used to once.

And then there came up the long winding turnpike of the years, old visions of Christmas eves in the wide farm kitchen, where the chestnut flame dashed its garnet hues over the whole room.

She saw the very corner where she used to hang up her stockings; there was the weather-beaten face of the farmer, under his iron-gray hair, and there was the faded, gentle one of her mother, and his—the bright, keen boy, whose memory now was one only of sin and shame.

And with this thought she came back into the dreary present, doubly so now after that vision which had passed before it with its shining garments, and seeming to shake out all the old sweet savors of her home, making the cold air fine and warm with its breath before it vanished.

"What place had she in the world, what right to live? Not a voice in all the wide world would wish her 'Merry Christmas' to-morrow! Had not even God forgotten her?"

And as she asked herself this question, there came over the worn, homesick soul of Hannah Dare a longing to forget also.

"Nobody wanted, nobody needed her in the world," she told herself. "What was the use of staying here any longer, and waiting for the death that was so long in coming? She was tired—oh, so very tired of life, and she wanted rest, and it was so easy to get it."

And in this hour of her utter weakness and despair there came over the soul of Hannah Dare a temptation, which, in another mood, she would have resisted and prayed to be delivered from. She thought of the river at the foot of the city, and how it rolled to-night, being cold and very dark before her place. [illegible] there, one short, sharp [illegible], and it would all be over for her. She would be done with [illegible] heart, and dead hopes, and weary feet, at rest—at rest!

That was all she wanted, all she asked for. The sallow face grew harder at the thought, and when she reached the corner of the [illegible] which led up to the boarding house, she passed by it, with a little shudder, and turned down in an opposite course, that led straight to the river.

She had reached it at last, Hannah Dare. There it lay, one still, black level of deep waters, before her. The lights along the wharves revealed faintly the ships that lay there at anchor, with their cordage and tall masts, looking strange and spectral in the false light. But it did not frighten her then, although she had naturally a little coward heart, that always carried a terror of black water.

But now she looked at it, and at the tall ships, and the lights going and coming far out on the river; and there was a wild exultation in her eyes; and she thought how still, and sound, and long would be her sleep there, under that cold, black covering of waves.

"I will go down into it. It is better than the life behind," muttered low, betwixt her set teeth, the voice of Hannah Dare.

I think in that crisis of her awful need and weakness she would have done it—I think a moment more and the waters would have received the small figure wrapped in the gray shawl standing there on the pier; but in that moment God's angel passed that way.

For Hannah Dare heard suddenly, in the darkness of the night, the small, sweet voice of a child singing a verse of the old Christmas hymn she remembered so well:

"'Fear not,' said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.'"

That sweet, piping child's voice—the blessed words it carried, all through the path of its tune made their way down into the heart of Hannah Dare—down into the deep places of her need and pain. "For all mankind!" Was not she included here, and although no earthly hands or hearts might bring her Christmas gifts, still had she not, too, her right and title to that greater "Gift" which God gave to all the world.

Was not her title there as clear and strong as the happiest, and the most blessed in the world?

A sudden change came over the girl. New warmth and new life seemed to enter her soul, and far down in it a voice tenderer than her mother's when it lapsed into some lullaby song seemed to murmur, "Go home, little Hannah, go home. No, God has not forgotten you. The Christmas gift for all the world is to you also. Be not afraid. There is some work for you yet in the world. It will come. Go home and wait."

And she went home through the long, still night, and overhead was the gray blank of sky, and beneath was the sharp, damp chill of the air, but for all that there was light and warmth about the heart of Hannah Dare, and a song of thanksgiving in her heart that God had delivered her from the evil. She went home, to her small lonely attic, and lay down to a sleep as sound and sweet as any she had ever slept in far off happy Christmas eves, under the old farm roof at home.

The sunshine of the Christmas morning was overflowing in the little dingy attic the next day when Hannah Dare opened her eyes after the heavy sleep of the night. And the sunshine seemed to this girl like the angel sent of God, to bring to her His "glad tidings of great joy" just as He sent them once by other angels to the waiting shepherds on the green plains of Judea.

She lay awake there watching it—the tears coming and going in her eyes, soft tears, almost happy ones. She did not feel lonely or sad any more. A sense of rest and protection seemed to have taken possession of her. She remembered the past night, and she saw herself standing at the end of the pier, with the black night about her, and the black river beneath, and she remembered how very near she had come to—and then she seemed to hear again that child's sweet voice trilling its tune through the darkness and almost breaking down beneath the burden of blessed words it carried. That had saved her. "Thank God! Thank God!" said Hannah Dare, lying there. Below her she heard the sound of laughter and loud voices, and opening and shutting of doors. She heard them wishing each other "Merry Christmas," and rejoicing over their gifts.

She thought there was nobody to wish her this—nobody to give her anything, but somehow this thought did not hurt her as it had last night. She remembered there was One whose love for her had been so great that He had laid down His life to purchase her right and title in this Christmas. He, whose *love* was so great then would not forget her now, though all mankind did, and though she could not see Him.

And as she lay there thinking of all this, and thinking, too, it was time to get up, although she could afford the strange luxury of lying as late as she liked on Christmas morning—as she lay there there came of a sudden a sharp knock at her door, and the slatternly housemaid opened it and said,

"There's a man down stairs in the parlor as

white to see you, Miss Dare," and she dimpled the door and was gone.

Hannah Dare came and dressed herself fashionably like one in a dream. The [illegible] was [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] of [illegible] of

[illegible] ... and Madeira, and the most delicate cakes, are served in profusion to his customers. He is constantly surrounded by twelve beautiful young girls, selected for the perfection of their shape as well as face. They are attired in the height of the mode, in silk dresses which cost four dollars a yard, costly Etruscan ear-rings, bracelets, and rings. They are part of the *furniture* of the place; they are here what the wax mannikins are in interior shops—the dresses are hung on them that Worth's patrons may see the effect produced. No dress ever quits his establishment priced less than $200—in gold, mind ye! Whenever a ball is given at the Tuileries, or at any of the embassies, you may count two hundred carriages at his door from as early as from six o'clock in the evening. Each lady receives a number and is called in turn. They come with their hair dressed, their petticoats and corset on, wrapped in a second-rate dress, until he is ready to dress them. You may wonder that the ladies should consent to expose their persons to the figures and eyes of a man. He is not a man in their eyes—he is nothing but a tailor, a tradesman—and what high-born person ever stooped to inquire to what sex such a plebeian belonged? One had as soon think of inquiring into the sex of the dog with whom his wife went into the woods for a walk, or of the cat who sleeps in my lady's chamber. Worth, a few years since, was a mere shopman in Gagelin's shop in the Rue de Richelieu. He saw there the extent of feminine folly, and determined to profit by experience. He has now a beautiful country-seat which cost him $80,000, and on which he has spent $60,000. He keeps a carriage and pair equal to anything in the Imperial stables. He has a first-rate cook, has a cellar which is daily improving, and is making money as fast as possible. You may see from this example that Columbus did not break all the eggs in the world; and we, each of us, may select from the basket by our side an egg, and by making it stand on end win a fortune. He who vulcanized India-rubber was nothing but a skillful egg-breaker. He who put steel hoops in the place of crinoline was nothing but a skillful egg-breaker. The whole secret of wealth lies in making one's egg stand on end before our neighbor succeeds in the feat."

In the Olden Time.

In an address by Rev. James Flint, D. D. of Salem, delivered at the celebration of the incorporation of Reading, in 1844, he gives the following account of the way folks lived and what they enjoyed, in the early days of Massachusetts:—

"The present generation, surrounded with the conveniences and with comforts, not to say luxuries, now so generally enjoyed, can but imperfectly comprehend how their progenitors lived and fared. The fine wool, linen, and cotton fabrics and silks, now so commonly worn, were worn only by the aristocracy, and homespun by the common people. Shoes were little worn in summer, by farmers and their families, except on the Sabbath and holidays. Wheat flour was used only for Thanksgiving and other festivals. Rye and Indian was the daily bread in the country. Tea and coffee were only occasional luxuries. Through the greater part of the year, for dinner, salt beef and pork were boiled with beans and other vegetables. A broth, called bean porridge, was made from the liquor in the pot, which was called the black cow with three legs. This formed the common morning and evening meal, till the cows calved in the spring, when the luxury of milk, pure or mixed with the broth, was enjoyed. I remember, when a boy, my older half-brother, the late Col. Daniel Flint, used jestingly to say, that he had eaten bean-porridge enough to fill a canal a mile long, large enough for him to swim in. Splinters of pitch-pine knots were used for lights instead of candles. Many an evening have I read and studied to a late hour by these lights. I can remember when not more than half a dozen chaises were owned in North Reading. Venerable farmers, with their wives, on pillions behind them, rode to meeting on their horses. The hymn was then read by the deacon, a line at a time, and so sung by the choir. This usage ceased, when a new collection of hymns was introduced, together with a bass viol, to aid the choir of singers. To this innovation, Capt. John Flint, to whose unbending, conservative temper I have before alluded, was irreconcilably opposed. I well remember to have seen this venerable, white-haired man, with his long cane, walking doggedly the whole length of the broad aisle out of the house, while the hymn was reading, and taking his stand during the singing, at sufficient distance to be out of the hearing of the profane viol."

☞ Sneezing.—Almost throughout Africa there is some superstition connected with this convulsion. In Sennar, courtiers turn the back and slap the right thigh. Old authors tell us that when the "King of Monomotapa" sneezed, it became a national concern. Those nearest the royal person howled a salutation, which was taken up by the antechamber; and when the horrid cry ran through the palace it was re-echoed by the whole city. In Europe the superstition is, that St. Gregory instituted a benediction upon the sneezer because during a certain pestilence the unseemly act was a fatal symptom.—*A Mission to Gelele.*

Various Kinds of Hands.

[illegible] ... the nails suitably large, and of elongated quadrangular shape; the skin of the back firm and strong, and usually but slightly hairy. Such a hand symbolizes strength of will, and [illegible] ... The old Roman [illegible] might be the type of the motor-handed man. The sensitive is the proper feminine hand; it is never very large, and is often rather below the module in its length, and all its textures are delicate. In the palm, length predominates a little over breadth; the fingers are not proportionately longer than in the motor hand, but the thumb is decidedly smaller and much more delicate. The fingers are divided in soft and oval forms, with full rounded tips; the nails, nearly equilateral, are remarkably fine and elastic. Men with hands thus formed are generally distinguished by feeling, by fancy, and by wit more than by intellectual acuteness and strength of will. They commonly are of sensitive, sometimes of physical constitution, and generally of sanguine temperament. The psychical hand—the most beautiful and the rarest of all the forms is that which is most unlike the elemental and the childish hand. It is of moderate size in proportion to the whole stature. It should measure in its length just one module; the palm is a little longer than broad, never much furrowed or folded, but marked with single large lines. The fingers are fine slender, and rather elongated, their joints are never prominent, their tips are rather long, taper, and delicately rounded, and they have fine nails of similar shape. The thumb is slender, well-formed, and only moderately long. The skin of the whole hand is delicate, and, even in a man, has but very little hair. Such rare hands are found with none but rare minds. They indicate, Carus says, a peculiar purity and interior grandeur of feeling, combined with simple clearness in knowledge and in will.

A Spartan Marriage.

Many of the laws of Lycurgus, in connection with this subject, would undoubtedly meet with the approbation of the fair sex of modern times. The time for marriage was fixed by statute—that of the man at about thirty or thirty-five years; that of the lady at about twenty, or a little younger. All men who continued unmarried after the appointed time were liable to prosecution, and all old bachelors were prohibited from being present at the public exercises of the Spartan maidens, and were denied the usual respect and honors paid to old age. "Why should I give you place," cried the young man to the old unmarried gentleman, "when you have no child to give me place when I am old?" No marriage portions were given to any of the maidens, so that neither poverty should prevent a gallant, nor riches tempt him to marry contrary to his inclinations. The parents of three children enjoyed considerable immunities, and those with four children paid no tax whatever—a regulation which all married men with large families will readily admit to be most wise and equitable. Every marriage was preceded by a betrothal, as in other Greek cities, but the marriage itself was performed by the young Spartan carrying off his bride by pretended abduction, and for some time afterward the wife continued to reside with her own family, and only met her husband on stated occasions. This extraordinary way of spending the honeymoon was first introduced by Lycurgus to prevent the husband from wasting too much of his time in his wife's society during the first years of their marriage; and in order to economise the bride's charms, it was customary for her bridesmaid to cut off all her hair on the wedding day, so that for some time, at least, her personal attractions should increase with her years.

Cats.

There's Jerry, the very nicest cat (to look at) I know, and the best jumper in town. I've tried to make myself a joy out of loving that cat; but it's no use. So long as I am eating a steak, Jerry will stand by me with his fore-paws resting on the table, will rub the soft fur of his cheek against my hand, will eat of my meat and drink of my cup, and will purr in the most insinuating manner; but so soon as my steak is finished, Jerry will walk off with the utmost coolness, and will perform his after-dinner toilet utterly deaf to my most endearing appellations. I may invent diminutives and superlatives and pet-names without number, and he will continue to lick into shape his off fore-leg with complete regardlessness. I may call him Jerry, and Jerrikin, and Jerkin; or Gerrissimo, and Geronymo, and Geronissimo; or catty, and cattissimo, and cattivissimo, (because he is the "bery baddest ob all de pussy-cats;" or furry-puss and purry-puss; or pussy-purr, and pussy-fur, and Lucifer, (for he's as bright of eye and black of coat as the old gentleman himself;) and he will go on leisurely arranging his hind-leg stockings (or whatever he calls the hairy coverings) just as if there were no gentleman making a fool of himself within easy ear-shot. *Is* it wonderful if I one day renounced Jerry and all his works, throw a tolerably hard potato at his head, and determined to give up all attempt to find joy in the affections of a cat? Why, I might just as well have had another trial at finding *the* earthly joy with Julianna.—R. B.

☞ There having been conflicting opinions as to the proper pronunciation of Miss Ingelow's surname, her publishers set this matter at rest on her own authority. In a letter just received from her she says:—"You ask concerning my name. It is pronounced with the g *soft*, just like Angelo." The *g soft* is pronounced like g in gem, or like j.

☞ Many Christians who have borne the loss of a dear child, or of all their property, with the most heroic Christian fortitude, have been entirely vanquished by the breaking of a dish, or the blunders of a servant.—*Newton.*

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The publishers of this new Magazine, in entering upon the second year of their [illegible], beg leave to offer their thanks to the reading public for the support which they have so liberally extended to them. Very few Magazines have been able, in their second year, to boast of so large a circulation as that to which THE LADY'S FRIEND has now attained. Referring to the numbers already published as indicative of the character of our Magazine, we may briefly say that it will continue to be devoted to Choice Literature and the Illustration of the Fashions. It will contain the latest patterns of Cloaks, Caps, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies.

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[illegible list of names] ... and other talented writers.

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TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known weekly paper THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *eighteen* years—in order that the Clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when it is so desired—and are as follows:—

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☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

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Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

Curiosities of Matrimony.—Quite a sensation was created in Halifax a short time since by the marriage of the accomplished and beautiful daughter of one of the wealthiest citizens, now deceased, who held a high position in society. The happy man was Farini, the champion of Niagara Falls, who, it will be recollected, attempted the daring feat of crossing the rapids within twenty feet of the brink, on stilts, and when half way across was precipitated (by one of his stilts breaking) into the roaring waters. His extraordinary escape, and reaching an island which had never before been visited by any human being, must be still fresh in the memory of our readers. The lucky fellow is said to be well-bred, an Upper Canadian by birth, and one who studied the medical profession, though, from some strange fascination, he has adopted that of a rope-walker. The lady is said to be exceedingly beautiful and highly accomplished, and is heiress to a property worth at least $80,000.

☞ The Czar of Cracow, says that there are at present seven hundred operative tailors less in Warsaw than there were previous to the insurrection of last year. The tailors supplied the greatest number to the revolution of any class of operatives.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

"The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies."

The publishers of THE POST would call the attention of their host of old friends and the public to their Prospectus for the coming year. THE POST will continue to maintain its proud position as

A FIRST CLASS LITERARY PAPER,

and occupy weekly its solid and [illegible] columns of

CHOICE LITERATURE,

including STORIES, SKETCHES, POETRY, ESSAYS, ANECDOTES, and everything of an interesting character designed

TO INSTRUCT AND AMUSE.

A FAMILY OF CHILDREN who read a good literary paper weekly, can scarcely fail to become well cultivated and intelligent, while [illegible] their stock of general information [illegible] will be greatly enlarged. That THE POST has exerted this beneficial influence in thousands of cases,

THOUSANDS OF ITS OLD PATRONS WILL TESTIFY.

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SUBSCRIBE TO THE POST,

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☞ The matter in THE POST will always be different from that in THE LADY'S FRIEND.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course the premium for getting up a Club may be either one or the other, as desired. Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different post-offices.

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Remittances should be made in United States notes. For all amounts over Five Dollars we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities, *payable to our order.*

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DEACON & PETERSON,
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Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

Old Maids—A Just Tribute.—In a little work entitled "Our Peculiarities," by Viscountess Combermere, there is the following fine tribute to the class of old maids:—"These single women, whom it is the cant of society to ridicule, may have often postponed their own settlement in life from the highest motives; filial devotion has, perhaps, engrossed them so entirely in early life, that no selfish object diverted them from its holy duties. It was sufficient to satisfy affection and to supersede hope; for the devoted, generous child, from the intensity of her love, has felt that the future must ever be a blank, when the interest that engrosses the present is withdrawn by death; and this dreary prospect adds another motive to her tenderness. Unselfish as woman is under all circumstances, she is here more regardless of herself than in any other position. In married life she yields to her husband, who is her support and companion till death; to her children she looks for care and affection in age; but no consideration of future happiness or present pleasure encourages the patient daughter, as she watches day and night by the invalid mother, or the decrepit father. Here is the purest love, unsullied by one sensual thought as its origin or its object. No instinct prompts it, no animal impulse strengthens it; the holiest feeling that fills the human heart, it yields only in purity to the love of God."

☞ Parisian Hair-Dressing.—The Paris correspondent of the Morning Post states that it is now the fashion in the French capital for ladies with brown or black hair to turn the natural color into a light red. "Yet more wonderful things still are done to make ladies more beautiful. Masses of hair, ever augmenting, in size, are stuck on where nature's handiwork ends. These bosses commenced with us modestly enough; they are now about the circumference of a soup plate. As much as 100 francs is paid for one of these deceptions, which are generally imprisoned in net-work, occasionally studded with diamonds, and often half-circled with a broad golden comb. The front hair is a curious nest of floral and other conceits."

LATEST NEWS.

General Sherman has already invested Savannah. General Foster telegraphs that he had a personal interview with Sherman on the 14th in Fort McAllister, which had been taken by assault on the previous day. [illegible] Sherman was to open his batteries. [illegible] General Hardee and fifteen thousand rebel troops were shut up in the city, and it is expected that they will all be captured. An official dispatch has been received from General Sherman. [illegible]

General Thomas, on Friday evening, sent to the War Department an official despatch of the battle of Nashville. The victory over Hood was complete. The rebels were driven at all points, and their army was pretty well shattered. Our forces fought splendidly, and were to pursue the enemy on the following morning. The results of the fighting has been the capture of 40 pieces of artillery and about 5,000 prisoners. Our total loss has been about 3,000 with very few killed. That of the enemy was much larger. Several official dispatches from General Thomas on Saturday were received on Sunday by the War Department. Hood had been pursued beyond Franklin. There had been a number of cavalry fights, resulting disastrously to the rebels. A hospital with 1,500 rebel wounded, and about 250 of our men, was captured. The citizens of Franklin represent Hood's army as totally demoralized. At last accounts the pursuit was continued. General Rousseau, commanding at Murfreesboro', reports Forrest killed, and the capture of 1,500 prisoners.

From Europe we have five days' later intelligence by the Hibernian at Portland. Earl Russel has replied to the recent manifesto of the rebel Congress, expressing an equal friendship for north and south, and pledging a strict neutrality on the part of England.

WOMAN.

Can there in woman be such glorious faith?
Sure all ill stories of thy sex are false.
Oh, woman, lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you.
There's in you all that we believe of heaven—
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love. —*Otway.*

☞ That French ladies have taken a fancy to walking-sticks is an old story; but a new feature in their whim is the introduction of fine steel blades into the handles of the more costly, so that they may be used as a weapon of attack. These canes are exhibited in most of the best shop windows.

☞ A Large Canal.—The most stupendous canal in the world is one in China, which passes over two thousand miles, and to forty-one cities.

☞ A company has been formed with a million dollars capital, to make sugar and syrup from corn, under Professor Gossling's patent, the Professor selling out his claim for $600,000. It is said that experiments have already succeeded in the production of three and a half gallons of syrup from a bushel of corn.

☞ An excitement recently occurred in this city over a case of ladies' belt-buckles. They remained unsold when the fashions changed, just twenty years ago, were then packed up and consigned to a garret. They were recently reproduced for sale, and taken by the retail trade at a price sufficient to pay twenty-eight years' interest on their original cost, and leave a handsome profit beside.

☞ The vintage in Spain this year, like those of France and Germany, is unusually fine, and the wine is expected to be equal to that of 1858.

☞ An advertisement appears in a Richmond paper of the 8th, addressed "To all whom it may concern," calling upon "the Brotherhood," in view of the failure of our employees to do their work with skill in New York, "to meet and concert measures for a more decisive execution of the great retaliatory duty they have taken upon themselves at this juncture."

It makes one very tender of the world
To see what beauty God hath lavished on it,
He must have loved it to bedeck it so,
And loved the creatures He hath placed upon it. —*Sadie.*

☞ The Newburyport Herald is responsible for the statement that two cases of spontaneous combustion have occurred in the same town in that vicinity within thirty years, both of them women given to constant indulgence in liquor. One of them was found still alive, enveloped in flames, which proceeded from her mouth and nostrils; and the other was burned to a mass of greasy ashes, while the walls of the room and the furniture were covered with a thick coat of lampblack, the whole house being pervaded with a stench that was intolerable.

☞ Young couples, if they are wise, will not devote their whole honeymoon to merely amusing and caressing each other. Let them remember the pastry-cook, who, when his apprentices first came, always gave them a surfeit of pies to insure their subsequent indifference.

☞ A loquacious gentleman, finding himself a passenger in a stage-coach with no one but a prim and taciturn maiden lady of some forty winters, endeavored in vain to engage in conversation. At length night came; as nothing was said, both fell asleep. The stage finally stopped and the driver announced to the lady that she had arrived at her place of destination. Her fellow-passenger being awakened at the same time thought he would compel the lady to exchange a word at leaving, and addressed her:—"Madam, as we shall never again, probably, sleep in the same room together, I bid you a very respectful farewell." A scream, and silence reigned again.

WOMEN'S TRIALS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

Pots, kettles and pans,
Pans, kettles and pots,
I am sick of their sight, and would give them all
For a bunch of "forget-me-nots."
But my children are mortal, and cannot live
On the scent of a nosegay fair;
They would much prefer a warm pork pie,
To flowerets rich and rare.

II.

Tub, soap and suds,
Suds, soap and tub!
My arms are red, and my fingers spread,
With this long continued rub.
You may talk of the rippling brooks,
You may rave of fountains fair;
It would take the water of both I ween,
To make these clothes look clear.

III.

Wood, chips and coal,
Coal, chips and wood;
I've arranged them all as well as I can,
But my fire will not burn good.
You may sing of the sturdy oak,
You may praise the lofty pine,
I would rather have some splinters now
To kindle this fire of mine.

IV.

It is hard indeed to reign
In kitchen and parlor too,
And to meet your friends with a cordial smile,
When you smell that burning stew.
To fold your hands and be calm,
And insist on a longer stay,
When you know your bread is being scorched,
And the soup all boiling away.

V.

Oh, I wish I had never tried
A lady's position to take,
I could then keep on my calico gown,
And wash, and scrub, and bake.
Oh, pity me ye who dwell
In cabins with one small room;
Oh, pity me ye who never know
What it is to handle a broom.

AUNT ALICE.

SQUIRE ROWLEY'S DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

The sun was slanting over the green meadows, throwing the branching shadows of the oak trees in unnatural length upon the grass, emerald green in its first up-springing from the scythe. There was all around the sweet hush of summer eve—Nature's diurnal Sabbath—when Squire Rowley betook himself, through the shady lanes which skirted the meadows aforesaid, to Dame Margaret's cottage at the entrance of the little village, whose ownership he divided with her. Wherefore he chose this, the longer route, we will not presume to guess. It was a pleasant path by the meadows—but the squire may have loved the scent of the wild honeysuckle, or he may have chosen to mark the graceful trail of the hedge-rose, or he may have mistrusted the good-will of the fiery young bull which had just been turned abroad for an evening's airing. Anyway, he walked along at a leisurely pace, his gold-headed cane in his hand, his looks full of grave meditation.

The squire was always heedful of his attire, but on this evening any observer might have detected a more than usual carefulness. His lace ruffles, of the finest Mechlin, were freshly put on; a diamond of the first water glistened on his breast, and another on his finger; his chin was smoothly shaven, and an extra dash of powder whitened the smooth curls of his best wig.

Dame Margaret Crichton was a widow of some years' standing. She had been the bosom friend of Squire Rowley's lady, as she was now the indulgent and trusted confidante of his pretty hare-brained daughter. Many a mad scrape, many a truant escapade, had been compounded for and pardoned through the intercession of Dame Margaret; many a threatened day of incarceration had been saved the little madcap through the same kindly means. Squire Rowley would shake his head and say:

"Well, well! the lass can't be so bad as long as she does not scruple to run to Dame Margaret for confession. I hate your sly jades who hold their tongues and keep their tricks to be found out."

It must be acknowledged that Dame Margaret was a very tempting lady-confessor. There was a soft gleam in her bright black eyes, and a loving dimple in her round rosy cheek, which might have wiled away the secrets of a Machiavelli. Very buxom was the dame withal; and she had the trimmest ankle and the most ringing laugh in Oakendale. Moreover, she was well dowered in land and gold, so that gossips wondered how it was that Dame Margaret Crichton remained Dame Margaret Crichton still.

Mayhap the squire wondered too, as he opened the little wicket-gate set in the high trim hedge of box, and came in sight of the dame feeding her poultry on the grass at the side of the vine-covered house (for it was a house and not a cottage, although it could bear no comparison with the stately home of the squire.) Her ebon curls glanced purple in the warm glow of the setting sun; for Dame Margaret disdained the use of powder. Ill-natured folks said that she was bent on showing the world that not a thread of silver yet provoked such concealment. Be that as it may, the squire thought, as he looked at her, that the long flowing tresses matched exceedingly well with the cherry-colored ribbons in the jaunty little cap, and lay in pretty contrast against the slender white throat. Moreover, it struck him with quite a new sense of appreciation how well-ordered was Dame Margaret's smiling abode. The still-room maid sang at her needle as she sat at her open window, the dame's favorite tabby winking and purring in sleek contentment on the sill before her; and Dorothy, the portly cook, had brought her lace pillow and low kitchen chair out to the back door, looking over the green meadows, and sat there twisting and "clinking" her bobbins with an air of leisurely contentment. The orchard-trees were bending down under their promise of future fruit; the fat yard-dog, as he basked in the sun, at the full length of his chain, looked all too broad for the narrow limits of his kennel; the very chickens, as they pecked at the mistress's fingers, in impatient reminder of their unsatisfied wants, had a plumpness which belonged to them alone.

All this, as was said before, the squire noted with a new sort of admiration as he gave the dame "Good-evening," doffing his broad-brimmed hat with the elaborate courtesy which was his wont. And Dorothy, the cook, who called herself a woman of experience, marked, whilst she clattered her bobbins, how long the squire held the rosy tips of madam's mittened fingers, looking the while into the bright eyes, which looked very frankly back again to his. And Dorothy, observant still, noted how the dame and the squire sauntered up and down the trim gravel path, between the rows of purple gilly-flowers, and pungent lavender, and tall ghostly lilies, sending out their odors on the evening air. And Dorothy saw, what the dame's downcast eyes did not, how the squire, ever and anon, as the discourse went on, looked tenderly down upon the ribbons and the curls, and all the pretty things besides.

Dorothy would have been disappointed, though, if she had been near enough, to find that there was question of nothing more than Madam Sybil's last prank. The dame looked grave and shook her head when she heard how her young protegee had been brought up, in boy's attire, in the ignominious keeping of the village constable. Sybil was already past sixteen, and such a public exhibition was decidedly too much. The dame—dear little match-making soul!—had counted on marriage as the ultimate steadier and redeemer of the madcap Sybil; but such tricks as these, when noised abroad, as infallibly they would be, might scare away the eligible youth of the neighborhood, and set the damsel beyond the pale of matrimonial redemption.

"Well, well, poor lass!" sighed the squire, "she has no mother; it's a hard task, Dame Margaret, to a father to bring up and guide a wayward maiden alone."

And the squire laid a significant emphasis on the last word, and looked more tenderly than ever down upon the matured charms at his side. But the emphasis and the look were both lost. Dame Margaret's eyes were bent, in absent musing, upon a tuft of double red daisies, and she only answered, in demure unconsciousness—

"True, sir."

The squire felt at a loss: they had reached the end of the walk, and in silence they prepared for another turn. The dame's quilted petticoat and graceful looped-up skirts swung quickly upon the high heels of her little velvet slippers; but the squire's embarrassment caused him to miss the exact angle of the turning, rendered somewhat nice and difficult by the proximity of a sweetbriar bush. Alas for the Mechlin ruffles! The delicate, costly fabric hung impaled upon a bristling array of tiny spikes. Madame started forward with the instinct of her sex. Too late. One impatient, heedless jerk, and the dainty Mechlin hung in threads. But the squire's hand was free, and the dame's, which had been raised in sympathetic aid was (mean advantage!) caught and detained close prisoner.

"Will Dame Margaret take pity on a lonely man? Will the friend of her mother accept a mother's name and duty, and take to herself the right to guide and restrain my Sybil's thoughtless youth?"

The dame was taken aback—she really was! In spite of the supposed normal proclivity of her estate, she had never, even up to the very moment of *denouement*, dreamt that it was this way the squire's attentions were tending. So she turned first pale as one of her own white lilies, then red as the daisies at her feet; then, moved by a sudden instinct, she raised her eyes, and with one rapid glance took in the squire's *personnel*. Nothing very discouraging there. Justice as he was, his tall erect figure showed none of the proverbial rotundity of his class; it was slim and well-proportioned as that of any gallant of half his age and none of his dignity. The country squire, too, in his youth had mixed in court and city life, and had gained that high-bred polish which marked his age, whilst preserving the native rectitude and nobility of soul which are sometimes sacrificed in the acquisition of outward refinement. Squire Rowley, too, was in the very prime of manhood; he wanted yet full a lustre of his half-century; his hair was as guiltless of natural snow as was the dame's own. All this she had known before, had known with the knowledge of every-day intimate acquaintance; doubtless, she now would try how it all looked in the new light which had so suddenly dawned upon her. Her mind was of the rapid sort; clear, true, unclogged by small affectations and peevish hair-splittings, it had the habit of going straight to its point, and that point was seldom enough the wrong one. So, whilst the squire kept fast hold of the imprisoned hand, its owner went through a rapid mental survey, which, after leaving the squire, went straight to the dissection of her own heart, and found—why, that the man had been beforehand, even with her woman's penetration; that, there, waiting for the spark which he had brought to kindle it, were ready set the fuel and the pile, just, in fact, as the maid prepared the fire in the bright grate of the shining hearth of the "best parlor." And having made the discovery, unexpected as it was, Dame Margaret was not, as we have seen, the woman to refine upon unnecessary scruples or to indulge in a pretence of hesitation or false modesty. So she gave admittance to the sacred fire, and whilst the flame leaped and sparkled in joyous exultation, she turned her eyes again upon the expectant squire, and simply uttered—

"Yes."

And then she made the prettiest little curtsey in the world. And the squire, raising the hand he had held all through to his lips in both his, imprinted thereon a fervent kiss, and bowed over it until his perfumed curls came very near the fate of the Mechlin ruffle already sacrificed in the cause.

And then not another word was spoken as the pair paced back again along the gravel walk and through the evening odors, and in through the honeysuckled porch to the little narrow passage, which left no turning room for two at once, so that the dame, with apparent inhospitality, half-closed the door in the face of her guest whilst she opened that behind it and led the way into her usual sitting-room—a parlor dark with oaken panelling, and bright with the western glow of sunset, and shining with its rows of china bowls, and dishes, and cups and saucers set on the ample ledges of two diamond-paned windows. And Dorothy the cook, who had lingered at the door until the gathered household wondered at her unwonted disregard of the supper-hour, caught up her pillow and bustled round with pinched-up lips and a face of silent mystery to remedy the unusual delay.

"Kitty tumbled up-stairs this afternoon," laughed Nan the dairy-maid, "and there was a love-letter in my chamber-candle last night. Dorothy, you are wise in omens, you know; what does it forebode?"

And pretty little Kitty blushed rosy red, and dared not look up at Thomas the serving-man, who sat by her side, whilst every eye, turned on the [illegible], forgot to note the [illegible] pursing of Dorothy's lips or the ominous shake of her knowing head.

And whilst the kitchen supped porridge and milk and cracked jokes at Kitty's expense, Dame Margaret and the squire played at piquet in the parlor, and talked low words of little meaning to hide the deeper thoughts which welled up from their hearts to tremble unspoken on their lips. And the crimson flush of clouds faded and paled, and the painting of William Crichton in its black frame over the mantelpiece lost its contour and gathered gray shadows which blotted out the likeness, and, stealing around the room, veiled the framed sampler on the opposite wall, hiding the spreading tree of square many-colored leaves and fruit which flourished thereon, and the signature in full—"Margaret Mary Lovel, aged 9 years."

And up from amongst the spreading branches of the oak-trees in the distant meadow, over the box hedge and the sweetbriar-bush, rose a clear full moon, higher and higher, higher and higher still, until it threw the shadows of the vine-leaves framing the casement window full upon the piquet-table, and nestled them there—soft, quivering, fluttering things—in a flood of pale mysterious light.

And they had the table all to themselves, for by this time the squire and the lady had finished their game; and Thomas, with respectful unconsciousness, had set before them mulled wine of Dorothy's own making, and cakes, sweet and spiced, dainty and crisp, of madam's own mixing; and, these discussed, the squire had risen to bid the dame "Good night," and the dame, in her country courtesy, had meant to speed her departing guest, and having first shut him into the narrow passage in like manner as she had before shut him out, they had both stood together in the little porch, and, tempted by the beauty of the moonlit path, they had wandered down to the wicket-gate again, and stood there, looking down the road white with moonlight, and bordered, by the dark, silent shadows of beech, and elm, and tall, gaunt poplars. Looking down the road, as we have said, silently embalming the memory of the hour in the dewy fragrance of the night, whispering low words now and then out of the heart silence, the squire, in all the manly tenderness of a pure, true love, the dame in a sweet embarrassment, coyly blushing, girlishly toying with the locket at her throat.

Smile, maidens of eighteen, sneer young men of twenty, at this picture of a middle-aged gentleman of five-and-forty and a mature lady of thirty-five making love with all the romance and all the sentiment which you falsely imagine to be the monopoly of your own spring-tide. Hearts don't grow old as early as you suppose; life is not lived out at twenty-five; calm commonplace does not set in after the fifth lustre; the rampant pulses of life do not learn to beat with monotonous regularity, nor the "sweet bells" of imagination to chime in measured cadence, before the hair has lost its color and the eye its fire; nor until the feeble limbs are content to tread the downward path, and to look for rest at the bottom of the hill.

No! Love is doubtless beautiful in the poet's dream and the painter's fiction; in the golden flush of youth, with flowing locks and sparkling eyes, with softly-tinted cheeks and forms of graceful beauty. But it is beautiful too, with beauty of another kind, when it pours the balm of consolation into the wounds of some half-broken heart, when it renews a worn and faded life, when it casts a sunset glow over the close of a long and toilsome journey, when it rises, in the old fable of the phœnix, from the ashes of a dead joy!

"But," you will say, "these two had loved and been happy once."

Just that. They *had* loved truly and fondly; they had faithfully lived in their duty; they had mourned deeply and sincerely. The sun of their lives had set in tears, it seemed to them, never to rise again. But there is a dawning morrow to the darkest night of grief. Daybreak had come to them—a gray, cloudy dawn which promised little, and even from that little they tried to hide their tear-stained eyes, pained even by that dim, murky light. But, *malgre eux*, the day wore on, the light waxed stronger and clearer, the clouds lighter and lighter; the sun came out—it shone upon them, and—they stood together at the wicket-gate, as we have said.

And their love had a quality in it which is wanting in yours—a tender refrain, a sweet echo of long-forgotten music, a mysterious blending of memory and hope. Oh! depend upon it, sparkling as the fresh novelty of your young love is, there is nothing in it which can match with this!

Are you angry still, you maiden with the earnest eyes, who have taken your stand upon fidelity, whose motto is "*Usque ad finem*," who pour out from your fresh, rosy lips such beautiful theories on the same key-note? Well, well. Is it not true that you have touched a chord which lies hidden, however deep, in all our hearts? Have we not all started in life with the same beautiful theory which has faded before the experience of life, although we clung fondly to it, disputing every inch of ground with Nature, the healer of wounds, the restorer of peace, and, half-wonderingly, half sorrowfully, looking back, after all, at the difference between what we would be and what she makes us?

How is it that we still listen with a secret warming of admiration to the tempting dogma we know to be so unsound? How is it that we cherish, in the teeth of our experience, a certain unconfessed, unconscious hope that, after all, the enthusiastic dreamer may yet vindicate the perished aspirations of some higher nature within us—may yet realize the theory which we have reluctantly relinquished?

Is it not all a rising up of the immortal within us against its mortal incumbrance—against the weakness of the flesh and the laws which are made for the flesh's weakness, just as it rises against sorrow, or sickness, or death itself—those mortal *musts* against which, being subject, we yet revolt?

But the dame has waved her last adieu, although we did not see it; and now she wends her way slowly back to the house, and, meeting Thomas at the door of the little parlor, she takes the silver candlestick from his hand, and enters alone. The moonlight still lies in chequered panes upon the floor, still nestles in moving shadows upon the piquet-table, the redder light of her taper struggling with, but not quenching, its pale, tranquil ray. Something of the flush of love and happiness had faded out of her face, and a shade of grave thoughtfulness had taken its place, as she set down the light on the mantelpiece, under the portrait of William Crichton, and, leaning there upon her round white arm, she stood looking up at the face of her dead husband, not regretfully, with no pang of self-reproach—with a flush of gentle sadness, it is true, such as must always come with the memory of the lost long after all the bitter heart-pain has been stilled—with tender eyes moistened by tears, with loving remembrance she looked [illegible] at the shadow of the past.

Not a shadow to her—a [illegible] presence, to which she murmured in spoken words the story of her new happiness, just as in the old time she had carried to him all her joys and all her sorrows, for his certain sympathy and companionship.

And there she lingered, heedless of the passing moments, until Dorothy, whose function it was to lock the doors and extinguish the lights, ventured, tired and sleepy, upon a gentle reminder of the lateness of the hour, and had the satisfaction of seeing madam safe in her bedchamber at last.

Safe in her bedchamber, it is true, but not to sleep. The waters had been stirred too deeply, and the calm would not come yet. Up from the hidden depths of memory came trooping half-forgotten words, and looks, and scenes, all strangely vivid, strangely real. And as she sat there, before the oval mirror on her dressing-table, she lived over again her life which had ceased to be.

Waking from her dream of memory, as the one silvery stroke of the quaint little clock in the corner told the first hour of a new day, Dame Margaret covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. And as whilome in the parlor below, the red gleam of the dame's lamp struggled with the pale beams of the tranquil moon. Surely, surely even so are the things around us often but emblems of the hidden life within!

PEEPING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. F. N.

Air—Blany au Kree.

Two faces at the window
Keep peeping out at me,
When walking down to college,
Or strolling after tea;
Two pretty little faces,
Laughing, full of glee
Behind the parlor curtains,
Are peeping out at me.
Chorus—Pretty little faces
Smiling, oh! so sweet!
Looking at the stranger
Passing down the street.

Flaxen hair and bright blue eyes,
Peeping thro' the glass,
Worse than frowning cannon
For a man to pass;
Who, or what their names are,
I can never see,
For still behind the curtains,
They're peeping out at me!
Chorus—Pretty little faces, &c.

NOTES OF POMPEII IN 1862.

Many letters have been written of Pompeii, "the city of the dead," and still no spot visited by the traveller possesses a more untiring interest to both reader and visitor. And well it may—for aside from the attractions of a city that has been buried nearly 1800 years, exhumed to view with all the traces of a bygone civilization fresh about it,—it lies in the midst of the fairest country of the world. All around it is a landscape the most enchanting, teeming with classical memories and associations. Behind it lies, calmly puffing, a thin line of vapor from its crater, the treacherous Vesuvius, in whose recesses took refuge the Thracian Gladiator Spartacus, whose struggle with the whole power of Rome, nineteen centuries ago, Forrest so thrillingly depicts. In front lies the celestial blue of the Bay of Naples, visible in the clear atmosphere round its whole magnificent sunlit curve of shore. On the right are the white palaces of Naples and the villas of Portici, Resina and Torre del Greco fronting the bay in uninterrupted line, and on the left Castellamare and the vineyards and groves of oranges and olives and figs that cover the cliffs of Sorrento, where Tasso drew inspiration. On the opposite shore, misty and purple with distance, is the land of the Æneid—the site of the Sybil's cave, the Elysian fields, the Styx, Acheron and Lake Avernus—and where once rose the villas of Cicero, Cæsar, Pompey, Lucullus and Virgil, and where in the magnificent Bay of Baiæ, rode at anchor the galleys of Imperial Rome. Who can wonder then at the charm that invests the records and recollections of a city that so tangibly connects the daily thoughts and habits of the lost Past with the living Present.

Twice in November, 1862, I visited Pompeii—a distance of about twelve miles from Naples—once by railway, and once by carriage, in company with a companionable and intelligent family of New Yorkers. The ladies had thoughtfully provided the necessary edibles from our hotel at Naples, and with the help of a few bottles of the rich Lacrymæ Christe, we were able to make a sumptuous repast in an upper room of the Hotel Diomede on Pompeiian soil, and to pass a whole day among the excavations, and to mingle the sights that met our view with the realities and memories of home. From Naples nearly all the way to Pompeii, is one continuous suburb, swarming with people and vehicles of every sort—and as we drove along in the fresh bright morning, we were met by an unbroken procession of market carts and donkeys with panniers laden down with vegetables—the mules and horses jauntily decorated with bells, and feathers, and bright trappings, and the men and women in their showy costumes overflowing with life and jollity.

Our route lay through Torre del Greco, just at the foot of Vesuvius—a city whose streets abound in traces of an eruption of a few months previous—houses shattered by the earthquake still nonchalantly occupied by the people.

The chief entrance to Pompeii is by the Herculaneum gate where the famous Appian way from ancient Rome entered the walls by the street of the Tombs. The House of Diomede, the first visited, is just outside the walls, and is one of the largest and most interesting yet exhumed. Not a little of its interest arises from the discovery of the skeletons of eighteen persons in its cellar. Here we were shown the outlines of forms against the walls—Shadows of beings of seventeen hundred years ago, who had so long rested in contact with them. The skeletons, all [illegible], [illegible] under the fine ashes that had gradually sifted into their hiding place, and hardening with the moisture had left a perfect mould of their forms. The round, full impression of the bosom and shoulders of a young female is preserved in the museum at Naples, where all articles of value are deposited. Remnants of clothing, of curious fineness, gold chains, ear-rings, bracelets, rings and other ornaments of great richness, together with a superb candelabra of bronze, which they had brought down to cheer their dreary hiding place, indicate the wealth of the family. When death at last came upon them they had drawn their garments over their faces in resignation, according to the custom of the day. We read that Cicero and Cæsar and other noble Romans who met death suddenly, thus covered their faces, and the custom loses nothing of its solemnity and touching interest when brought to view from beneath the ashes of buried Pompeii in the house of Diomede. Large earthen jars for wine still remain ranged against the walls of the cellar, the wine displaced by the penetrating ashes. Near the gate was found the skeleton of the master of the house and his slave. He had abandoned his family after locking them into the cellar, and with the key in his hand, was endeavoring to escape their fate. Bulwer has [illegible] into his "Last Days of Pompeii," the villa of Diomede and its occupants and vividly portrays the luxuries and vices, the refinements and orgies of the time—repeopling the Temple of Isis, the House of the Tragic Poet, the Baths, the Forum, the Theatres, the shops and the palaces.

Not far from the house of Diomede is Cicero's villa, a spot more interesting from its associations with that classic name, than for what is to be seen—it having been reburied after all objects of interest had been removed. Was it at this spot that Augustus had his interview with the orator when he visited Pompeii to seek his protection against Mark Antony? As we approached the gate we came to the spot where stood unmoved amid the falling cinders and deadly darkness of that fearful time, the Roman sentinel—that type in all after time of Roman fortitude, and bravery, and fidelity. In a niche of the gate, lance in hand, was found the faithful guardian. His skeleton and helmet in the museum, are not the least interesting of that valuable collection.

The streets of Pompeii are narrow, the houses small and low with few windows on the street, roofless, and the walls broken—solitude and silence reigns. The sensation can hardly be exaggerated or described as one stands in the arch of the gateway and looks down the silent streets of this charmed city. Can it be the memorials of the civilization of two thousand years ago that lie before us? Will not its shops and houses be repeopled by their owners, and its temples again filled with worshippers, and the chariots again move through its streets, the wheels following the well worn ruts in the lava pavements? Will the raised side-walks, so modern in appearance, be never again thronged with noble Romans wearing the toga, and matrons wrapped in the stola—nor the baths filled all day with luxurious and idle devotees of pleasure? Will not the fountains that stand at the street corners be again filled with water, the wine shops whose marble counters still bear the stain of drinking cups of almost two centuries ago be again visited by the pleasure seekers—the wells now destitute of water be again furnished with bucket and rope to follow the chafing that marks its course in the well-worn curb? Will not that fountain in the thoroughfare on whose back the right hand and on whose front the left of people two thousand years ago have worn into the solid stone as they rested and stooped for a draft from the flowing mouth, again flow with water and be encircled with thirsty people?

In wandering through the exhumed city, or among its relics in the museum at Naples, one feels especially that the wants and necessities of two thousand years ago, and the contrivances for supplying them, after all, do not differ materially from those of the nineteenth century. Near the principal gate still stand arched in the wall, semi-circular seats for weary travellers—and the gate itself has its triple arch like the arch of Peace over the Simplon road at Milan or Temple Bar in London—the main one in the centre for carriages and the two side ones for foot passengers, while the well-worn pave of the latter attests the daily throng of life that once made use of it. Near the gate was found a marble sun-dial. In the Custom House were weights and scales, and in its court-yard skeletons of horses, each having three bells on the neck. A soap factory contained vats, and pans, and moulds, and heaps of lime. The bake-house had its oven, and mill and troughs; even the vessels of corn and flour were found there, and, still more curious, a loaf of bread bearing, as distinctly impressed as one of Bond's crackers, the name of the maker, "Q. Cranius." In the barber's shop still stands the stone seat for the customer, and near it niches for his soap and implements.

In one court-yard that we entered still remains a miniature fancy flower garden, laid out with borders of brick and narrow paths between, just as we arrange them now-a-days, in the small yards of a city. In the apothecary's shop were found vials of medicine, corks for bottles and pills well preserved; and in the house of the surgeon were nearly forty surgical instruments known to the profession to day. A dyer's shop has the drying ovens and vats of the trade of to-day.

In the museum may be seen a money-box with a narrow hole in the top, as children have now-a-days—with the coin still inside—found in one of the houses. They had prisons, too, and prisoners as we have now—skeletons with iron shackles on their legs are still preserved. They had saddles for their horses and stuffed them with straw—lead pipes brought water to their fountains and bronze cocks drew it off, and they used white lead for painting and iron spades for digging.

They ate, and drank, and cooked, too, very much as we do now. In the Temple of Isis was found the skeleton of a priest near a table with the remains of his repast before him. He was not to be frightened from a good dinner by so small a shower—and the egg shells, chicken bones, the broken wine-glass and other remnants indicate that he had done justice to the cook. They took their drinks hot sometimes, as furnaces and braziers for heating water in drinking-rooms seem to prove. The [illegible] of the museum at Naples contain many articles of food, charred and hardened, but unmistakable—eggs apparently sound and fresh, an article just like a New England dough-nut with a hole in the middle, a circular cake, cut across in triangular pieces, grain, figs, plums and olives, and moulds for jellies, as we see now, stoves for cooking and

heating, and not much behind those of to-day, quite fish-hooks, cauldrons and hatchets.

The vines and [illegible] of this temple, the architect, at the minutes can admit who visits the ancient colosseum of Rome, or walks with his eyes open into the house and along the streets of P[illegible] [illegible] Holy [illegible] seen on his walk and conversation on the mild-stone [illegible] "[illegible]" while plastic models and [illegible] figures of most obscure description all of most perfect workmanship and [illegible] have been found under circumstances that indicate that it was not considered necessary to conceal houses and gardens from public view.

It is evident that the Pompeians had discovered the value of advertising from notices painted on the walls of the city and of houses. Near the Herculaneum gate was found an inscription like this, "The gladiators of Gulon the Retiarii fight in Pompeii the last of June; and again, "30 pairs of gladiators will fight at auction," &c., and again, "When the Edile has opened the gladiators of Hipolitus the other will wrestle and fight with wild beasts." No doubt too they had their "Chowbow medicines for the unfortunate" embellished as conspicuously and as appropriately as we have. Think too of 900 shops to let by one woman! In the ruins of the villa of Julia Felix, over the following notice, "Julia Felix, daughter of Spurius, offers to let on the 1st of August, for five consecutive years, the following portion of her property; a bathing room, a venaticum, 900 shops," &c., &c.

Nothing seemed to bring to my mind more vividly the suddenness and horror of that eruption and burial, than the unfinished marble volumes and capitals lying near the spacious Forum which was undergoing improvement and restoration. Here are blocks of marble and unfinished statues with the points and marks of the artist dotted over them, just as one sees to-day in the workshops of the sculptors at Rome, just as the workmen had dropped their tools and fled for safety on the 24th of August, A. D. 79. The architect and his plans have been swept away, but the touch of his genius in the eternal marble remains, an impressive memorial, after eighteen centuries.

How terrible must have been the darkness of that night of sixty hours, and the pattering of that storm of ashes and pumice stone, and hot water—the separation of friends—the unnatural struggles—the suttish passions and final desperation and despair of that death. The veiled faces in the Diomede's cellar, the treasures grasped by the stricken owner, the sentinel at his post, the sixty-three soldiers, that last guard, that forlorn hope, found in the barracks, the priest, hatchet in hand, in the temple of Isis, who had cut through two walls, and died before piercing the third, and that other priest at his table who would live till the last, the mother found with her children in her embrace; how forcibly do they call up a picture of the circumstances and characters, the qualities and passions of that fearful time.

But Pompeii is inexhaustible in comparison with the limits of a newspaper article, and I have no space left even to allude to the brilliant frescoes, the exquisite bronzes, the costly mosaics, the rare marbles, the theatres, the baths, the temples, the shops, the peculiar houses and the many other points of interest that one's pencil and memory make note of on the spot.

How beautiful were the pictures that nature gave us as we rode back to Naples that night. On our left the superb delicate blue of the bay, quiet as a pond; on the right Vesuvius and the range of hills in the warm hazy distance, with such flowing outlines as Raphael delighted in; opposite the clouds that gathered round the setting sun, now piled up in tropical glory and wealth, such as Turner catches in his landscapes, now gradually softening down to the clear mellow distinct tints of Claude, and at last assuming the solemn grand and sombre hues of Salvator Rosa; combining for us in one short hour the glories of Italy that have given fame to four artists.—*Portland Transcript.*

A MEMORY.

Take those heliotropes out, they are all too
sweet,
My soul grows faint with the rich perfume,
They call up a vision of swift young feet,
And a fair face folded in chilly gloom.

I would I might summon her up from her rest,
And clasp her again in the dear old way,
Her fair young head on my lonely breast,
But the dead can never come back they say.

But I know that at times I have felt her breath,
And her light kiss fall on my drowsing eyes,
And I know that she loves me so well in death,
She longs for me, even in Paradise.

Look, friend, at the picture that hangs up there;
A moment wait, till the fire grows red.
Do you see it? The eyes and the falling hair?
Well, that is my darling, but now she is
dead.

When Rosamond sits in the fitful glow
Of the fire—there, child, move out of it,
pray—
With the hair on her white neck sweeping low—
Her mother were it the self-same way.

The artist that painted that picture you see
Was a delicate boy, but a stripling page;
And my darling she never loved any but me,
But I had grown blind with my jealous rage.

Through the long, long hours he would sit and
paint.
Her smile was brighter, more gay her song;
And I deemed her untrue, that pure young
saint,
May God forgive me that bitter wrong!

For I knew too late that the smile was worn
That the picture might smile like a sunny
day;
And the gay glad song that she sang was born
Of a secret sweet in her heart that lay.

I was pitiless then, and I called her false,
I said that she loved him more than I;
Because that night in the dizzy waltz,
I saw her smile as they floated by.

May God forgive me the deed I did,
The grief I wrought and the bitter woe!
For her heart is under the coffin-lid,
And the dead can never come back, you
know.

E. T.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BERTE DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER III.

KATE GALTON.

That letter—necessary to the one whose vocation sent Harold Ffrench on much care and trouble—which we left lost in the hands of the dusty idler upon Houghton, arrived at its destination about ten o'clock on the following morning, and was read by its recipient over her solitary breakfast-table.

"How disgusting of Harold!" was her conclusion, as she concluded the perusal of the epistle, which ran as follows:—

"Houghton, 5th April, 1862.

"Dear Kate,—The Houghton will be the very thing for our pleasure. I shall have to avail myself of the courtesy of the officer in command of the station here in order to get put over to the beach. By the way he happens unfortunately to have been in Greece with me.

"I wish you would show my civility you can to his wife and daughter. I think they would like to see the grange, and to know you; and as Mr. Leigh intends taking his little girl to town in May, you might get to her chaperone if you know her before. Couldn't you call?

"Yours always, Harold Ffrench."

"How disgusting of Harold! he doesn't say a word about coming back here. No, I won't call on his friends; I'll see them anywhere first."

She was a very pretty woman, this cousin of Mr. Ffrench's, of whom he had said to himself that it would please her to please him. A fair, tall woman of thirty with loosely arranged wet brown hair, and liquid blue eyes, and an upright face. A pretty woman and a fascinating one—not the ideal British matron, but still a mighty pleasant one if nothing that was very dear to you was in her keeping.

"Dull as I am here! so heartless of him," she muttered after once more reading the letter; "men are so horribly selfish." Then a few tears of weariness and spite welled up into her liquid blue eyes, and Mrs. Galton rose up and walked to the window.

It was a French window, and it opened on a flight of steps which led down into a garden, gorgeous even at that early season with the brightest flowers. Beyond the flower beds and the lawn there was an invisible fence and a ha-ha, and away from this a timbered meadow that kept up the park-like and pleasure-ground appearance of the place.

By-and-by across that meadow and over the ha-ha and along the lawn and up the steps came a man whose progress towards her she watched indifferently at first and then with contemptuous eyes. But as he came near enough to read them Kate banished the contempt and reinstated the normal expression of innocence so successfully that Mr. Galton had not the smallest occasion to be dissatisfied with his wife's matutinal welcome.

"I'm sorry I could not get down in time to pour out your coffee, dear," she said, holding up her cheek to be kissed as he entered. He was a tall well-looking man of five or six and thirty, with a florid, good tempered face, and close cropped auburn hair and whiskers.

"Look here: don't pore over your painting to-day," he said blithely; "come out with me; I want to go to Norwich to look at a young horse Jack Able has, and I thought I'd drive you and the kid if you'd go."

"Much too long a ride for that child, John. I'll go with you, of course. As to the painting, I'm sick of it."

"Already?"

She looked up into his eyes, and laughed.

"I do tire of most things soon, don't, I dear?"

"As Haversham and I are not among them, I can't say I care very much." He bent over her and kissed her as he said these words; his brow was wet with the exertion of walking rapidly home over rough fields to tell her of his plan for the day as soon as he had formed it, and the embrace with which he accompanied the kiss was a rough one.

The woman he embraced and kissed so confidingly would have deceived the father of deceit himself had he come in her way. John Galton's salute revolted her, but she checked all outward signs of it, and replied,

"Tired of you and of Haversham!—my dear John, tired of heaven and happiness sooner. But listen here. Couldn't we get up something that would amuse that poor cousin of mine? We bored him, dear, evidently, with our conjugalities, for I have had a letter from him this morning, bemoaning as usual; a plague he is, isn't he?"

"I don't see why you need plague yourself about him."

"No, I needn't, as far as duty goes; for he *isn't* my brother, though I've always looked upon him as one; but he has always been most affectionate and generous to me, and I should like to see him happy."

"Well, what does he want now?"

"He doesn't 'want'—that is, he don't say that he wants anything; but he's evidently bored where he is—at some dirty inn in a dirty village; and he doesn't seem to like to come here, poor fellow, without an excuse. I wish you would give him one, John."

"Pooh! An excuse—what can he want of an excuse for coming to a house where he has always been made welcome?"

"Ah! but that's been by me, and I am his sister—I mean his cousin, you know. You must write and ask him to come back to help *you* in something; that will make him think that you really want him, and that you don't only tolerate him because you're fond of me."

"I daresay he's happy enough where he is; if he were not he'd go somewhere else."

"No, he isn't happy, John. His letter (I wish I'd not torn it up) is written in such a doleful strain; do get him back here."

"I have nothing more alluring to hold out to him than the prospect of seeing the hay cut by-and-by, and the young horse I'm going to Able about to-day broken."

"You dear old dunderhead! Shall *I* write, then, and put it to him nicely?"

"Yes, do, there's a darling. And I say, Kate, where's the kid? I have not seen her to-day."

"Out in the garden, I hope, this fine morning—in the south garden, dear; if you'll go and look for Bijou I will write to poor Harold, and be ready to go to Norwich with you in half an hour."

Then the husband and wife separated, he to look for his child, she to write to her cousin, to whom she would not have written without her husband's sanction—for Kate Galton was very wary.

Wary even in her treatment of the husband upon whom such vexatious was thrown away, for it was in his nature to grant liberally and vaguely what he dreaded. Wary in her present conduct towards the man who had failed her in youth, blind, deaf, and to whom she had been most unpardonably frank, in the past. If experience had not taught this woman anything else, it had taught her to be most vociferously cautious; cautious, that is, about many things—about the majority of her acts and the whole of her correspondence. Of her spoken words she took less heed, provided none other than the one to whom they were specially addressed were by. But in her letters she was careful, very careful.

Fourteen years before, when she was a girl of sixteen, very vain and very impressionable, her cousin Harold Ffrench had come back to England after a prolonged absence, during which he had been a myth to her, as little had his family heard of his doings. But when she was sixteen, Harold came home and took up his residence at his father's house, and devoted himself in a sort of elder-brotherly way to his cousin Kate.

The elder-brotherly manner, admirably as it was designed and carried out, broke down after a period. Kate's cheek did not exactly "grow pale and thinner then she well for one so young," nor did her eye hang with a more observance on all his motions, but she grew desperately fond of him and showed it in her own way; and he, being unable either to reciprocate fully or to tear himself from the girl who was developing fresh fascinations every day, tried to cure her with coldness, and he failed.

His habits of intimate intercourse with her had come on so gradually that at the end of three years he was startled to find that others—their relations, mutual friends, the world at large, indeed—were deceived into supposing that which he had assiduously refrained from giving the girl herself just cause for supposing. Could as he had been with her—up to a certain point he had been very candid with his pretty cousin—he was fain to confess that he had been very injudicious—as injudicious as the girl herself; and that, considering how much she knew how well she was cautioned, was saying not a little. But this confession to his own heart and to her did not mend matters, for Kate refused to aid him in making it patent that it had been in all fraternal kindness, and nothing more, this intimacy of theirs. Young girl as she was, she was very wary even then; and she thought that the world's opinion might do what her charms had been powerless to effect—namely, coerce him into a course of conduct in which these would be both wrong and risk.

"What is it that makes you eternally swear that you never can be more than a brother to me, Harold?" she asked him once. "I will look over the impertinence, if you will tell me the cause. Is it that you care more for another woman?"

He shook his head.

"Don't tempt me, Kate—for your own sake."

"Not tempt you to tell?—but I will, dear. If you had commenced your cautious at an earlier stage, I might have accepted them and your resolve in silence; but after letting people think for so long that we are engaged, I think I ought to be told the reason why we cannot be."

"I didn't mean don't tempt me to tell that; but don't tempt me in any other way. My fate is hard as it is, without a girl like yourself showing me constantly how much brighter it might be."

Harold Ffrench had been more winningly handsome and attractive when he said this than at the later date when I introduced him and Theo Leigh to my readers. He might have won the heart of the hardest in those earlier days, had he essayed to do so. His cousin Kate was a vain girl; not one burdened with deep feeling, but she was young and impressionable, and she abominated being baffled. She knew that he liked her, and in that he was better looking than any other of her acquaintances she liked him too. So when he pleaded that she should not tempt him, and declared that his fate was hard already, she grew very daring—daring as only an insatiably vain, cool-headed, unimpassioned woman may be with impunity.

"Harold, I could bear anything—I could stand anything for you or from you," she exclaimed; and her looks were more eloquent than her words.

"You don't know what you are saying, Kate," he replied almost coldly.

"Yes, I do; I know full well what I am saying, and I mean it."

Then, despite the dangerous flattery contained in those words, and that meaning of hers, this man, who was no better and no worse than thousands of his class and age, said words for her good that were very hard to utter to so fair, so winning a woman.

"My dear Kate, how you have deceived yourself and me for four years."

"Deceived you? No."

"Indeed you have, to the extent of making me believe that you really loved me, and almost making yourself believe it too. Accept the tribute of my unbounded astonishment and admiration. I had no idea you were a young lady of such resource."

Then he added, fearing that she might press him again on this point, and judging that the cause justified a little bitterness:

"Oh, little Kate, forgive me if I am bitter, but you have shown me what I ought to have known before—that all women are as deceitful as the evil one. You might as well have let me think well of you." Then he muttered words to the effect that "women had been his bane, some with the love they bore him, and others with their hate," the sound of which reached Kate's ears.

"Don't trouble yourself to taunt in poetry; that's not necessary for my complete cure," she said in a tone that made Harold exclaim,

"Gad! you cold-blooded women have the best of it. Women are deceitful; you might as well have let me think well of you."

Shortly after this conversation, Harold Ffrench had gone away roaming no one knew whither again, and soon after his departure Kate went down to stay at Newmarket for the race week. She was in rare spirits and high beauty at the time, for Harold's abrupt departure was attributed to her having refused him. This created a fictitious interest in the minds of men about her, and brought her a certain popularity that was as pleasant to her vanity as had been Harold's love. At Newmarket the chief object of interest was the winner of the "cup," "Beelzebub;" and next in the order of the talked-about was "Beelzebub's" owner and breeder, a Mr. Galton, a Norfolk squire, who lived on his own estate, and just escaped being a county man.

He was a pleasant, good-tempered, good-looking man, not too intelligent, Kate thought, but not stupid by any means, for he soon made it evident to the young lady herself and all around that he admired her very much. That he not been the chief object of interest in that sporting circle through which he "hovered on the outer circle" would have turned up her nose at him, as it was, she was gracious and amiable and dressed the home which was probably commanding him. It occurred to her that it would be rather pleasant than otherwise to be the mistress of a home, the owner of which had a name in the sporting world, and lived winning honors. He had "a cab in waiting for the Derby next year," he told her, and Kate saw herself in an elegantly appointed carriage, vanishing the congratulations of all that was fashionable and most heavy in the Peerage on that cab's progress. John Galton looked such a big, amiable fellow, that he would be as easily managed as a Newfoundland dog, she thought. Above all, she did not want Harold Ffrench to come back and find her unmarried.

So she married Mr. Galton, and went down, after her wedding tour, for what she meant to be a brief sojourn at Haversham Grange. But when she learned the country of herself, and going in search of the gaiety and society for which she pined, she found that her personal charms, though manifest and admitted to her, had a will of his own that she could not break. He was well off—well enough off to live like a gentleman upon his own estate, and to indulge in all the sports and pastimes of his county. But he was not a club man, and he had not the constant inclination to disperse what he had to dispose of in the season, and seeking happens to the ranks of those amongst whom his wife so much desired to shine.

"Are we to live all the year round at the Grange, dear John?" she had asked.

"Well, I suppose you'll want to keep up your town habits and go to the seaside in August, Kate. We'll go to Cromer next year; Cromer is as nice a place, to my mind, as Brighton."

"Very well, we'll go there," she replied, for in all things she resolved to agree with him verbally. Nevertheless she had her own will about the military annual outing. It was to Brighton they always went for the sea-air; at Cromer, and indeed every other dull place, Mrs. Galton was invariably at death's door.

It was at Brighton that some nine years after her marriage she again met her cousin Harold. They elected to ignore the circumstances that attended their parting, and met as cousins should meet after such a long absence. She was on the pier alone when he saw her first, and he asked for her husband and her child with a promptitude that must have been delightful to her wifely and maternal heart.

"I hear you're married to the best fellow in the world, Kate; where is he? You must introduce me to him and to your little daughter."

"My big daughter, if you please. Katy is eight years old. As to my husband, I shall be delighted to introduce you to his goodness, on which you must excuse me if I don't expatiate further. I have so many opportunities of studying it uninterruptedly at Haversham all the year, that I prefer a change of subject during my month at Brighton. Tell me what you have been about, and where you have been all these years, Harold."

"I can more easily tell you where I have not been, but I am tired of wandering, and having met with unpleasantness in most other places, I have come to the conclusion that 'England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,' and that I may as well give my own land a benefit. I see you're looking at me and thinking what an old fellow I have grown, Kate, while you are in a better bloom than when I saw you last. See what it is to be married and happy!"

"About my being married there is no doubt; as to the other thing—well, the less said the better. 'Twas not love made me marry John Galton, as you'll believe when you see him; I speak to you as a brother, you see."

"And I'll return the compliment and speak to you as I would to a sister. Keep your reasons, whatever they are, to yourself, and make complaints to no man. Is your child pretty?"

"Some people think her lovely," Mrs. Galton answered, glancing at her cousin through her languishing lashes. "Do you remember what *I* was when you came home the first time, Harold?"

"Perfectly well."

"Katy is very much like what I was then. People say she will never have a something in her manner that I have, but still she is like me—or rather like what I was when you came home the first time."

"Rather a forward little girl of eight to be like you at sixteen. You were an uncommonly grown-up young lady then, Kate. So your friends say she lacks the charm of her mamma's manner. Well, I dare say she will get on very well without it." Then, seeing her look a little chagrined, he added: "You get too many compliments to need them from me; besides, they're not current coin between brother and sister, you know, and such are to be our relations."

After this *rencontre* at Brighton the Galtons saw a good deal of Harold Ffrench. Kate was his sole surviving female relative, and he had a certain tenderness for her very faults which was due to that nameless something in her manner which little Katy lacked. He liked her husband too, liked him for his good-heartedness and confiding trust in everybody, and his happy habit of seeing the best that can be seen on all occasions. It was true that John Galton was not much of a companion for the travelled, accomplished gentleman, who had cultivated his ear, and eye, and taste, assiduously for years, in the best schools for such cultivation that Europe offered, in the hope of deadening his heart. That he had not succeeded in so deadening it utterly was shown in this fact, that he was alive to John Galton's somewhat rough merit.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God," he said one day to Kate, pointing out, as he spoke, the burly form of her good-natured husband, who was turning himself into a beast of burden for his child's amusement. "What a pity it is you women never think so."

"I prefer art to honesty. Come in, Harold, and let us go on with our bay. I want you to give my waves a second painting: they won't come right."

"You promised to stay out all the morning with Katy."

"Oh, leave her with her father! I shall get daggers in my head if I stay out here in the sun. And I'm so interested in my picture."

So they went away into Harold's temporary studio together, and her brush went freely over the canvas on which she was reproducing his nearly finished picture.

"Upon my word, you've caught my touch wonderfully, Kate," he said, coming up to her easel, and looking at her effort with the admiration one is apt to bestow upon a clever copy of one's own original work. "It's a pity, though, you don't handle something higher."

"Something higher?"

"Yes, a landscape, or a fly, fishing, or an original picture. By Jove! Kate, why not an original picture?"

"I should fail, Harold," Mrs. Galton replied softly. "I shall never paint, never copy my dear boy's pictures."

This took place a day or two before Harold Ffrench went away to Houghton, where he met Theo Leigh. He discovered [illegible] to give reality to the [illegible] [illegible] from nature, that [illegible] station; then bid him good-bye with his accustomed courtesies, he said, and should never be [illegible] again.

Kate was not pretty disappointed at his departure, for his departure was of the character of a [illegible] rule or [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] on Monday next, and we [illegible] and that, and show themselves what [illegible] [illegible]

He would work for two months, she felt beneath their sighs were sorry for long; her [illegible] would come back, and her power would be upon him again stronger than before.

Aye, stronger than before, for he had slipped from her once, when to wear chain would have been no shame to him. How he had worked and fretted them on himself again, and is not the stronger inevitably worse than the first chains? So for a few days the thoughts of him filled her whole sensibility, and prevented her finding her husband and child more than ordinarily tedious and boring. But after a few days—after the receipt of that letter, they grew extraordinarily so; and Kate Galton waxed pettish, and found as little pleasure in her painting as might she that Haversham could offer her. But still, though she pined for Harold Ffrench's company, she was such a prudent woman that she would not seem to seek it by obeying his request and going to call on those friends he had made at Houghton. Come what would, very Mrs. Galton resolved that the surface should show that Harold had always sought her with her husband's permission—never that she had sought it. Hold, [illegible] less requested by John Galton to do so.

So, while she was hourly expecting Harold back, the days passed and May came in, and there was commotion up in London about the great Exhibition, and all the wonders it contained, and all the visitors whom those wonders drew to our shores. Mrs. Galton waxed very pettish indeed now, for her husband kept on asking her what day "she'd like to go to town," and she felt that she would not like to go to town at all until she knew whether Harold would be there with her or not, for London with John Galton alone was not to her taste. There had been no letter from Harold in reply to that one in which she had answered his request by simply entreating him to "come back to Haversham, as John wanted him very much." At length she gave up expecting such letter, and cleverly lured her husband on to asking her to go to Houghton.

"John, do you know that Harold has found some old friends at Houghton—some man he knew abroad somewhere, with a nice wife? I'm so glad of it. I wish he'd bring them here."

"When did you hear this?"

"In that letter I had from him he told me—I've only had that one. There's a daughter in the case, and Harold asks me to be kind to her in London. Her father is going to take her up to see the Exhibition."

"That's right," John Galton said heartily. He was always ready to enter into anything of this sort with what his wife termed vulgar avidity. "That's right. You should have looked them up before now, Kate. Drive over and see them, and ask the young lady over here."

"It's a long drive, John."

"Nothing for your pony: he don't get half exercise enough."

"Very well, dear," Mrs. Galton said meekly.

She had determined on going as soon as it became patent to her that Harold was disinclined to come back to her, but she was also determined that her husband should tell her to go. It should appear that he was cognizant of everything, whatever happened. Accordingly, now that he told her to drive over to Houghton, she amiably arrayed herself in a blue bonnet that would have been too decided in color had all the rest of her dress not been black, and drove over.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Family Courtesies.—In the family the law of pleasing ought to extend from the highest to the lowest. You are bound to please your children; and your children are bound to please each other; and you are bound to please your servants, if you expect them to please you. Some men are pleasant in the household, and nowhere else. I have known such men. They were good fathers and kind husbands. If you had seen them in their own home you would have thought they were almost angels; but if you had seen them in the street, or in the counting-house, or anywhere else outside of their own house, you would have thought them almost demoniac. But the opposite is apt to be the case. When we are among our neighbors, or among strangers, we hold ourselves with self-respect, and endeavor to act with propriety; but when we get home we say to ourselves, "I have played a part long enough, and now I am going to be natural." So we sit down, and are ugly, and snappish, and blunt, and disagreeable. We lay aside those little courtesies that make the roughest floor smooth, that make the hardest things like velvet, and that make life pleasant. We expend all our politeness in places where it will be profitable—where it will bring silver and gold.

☞ "The Good Old Times."—The old times were not good times, at least for servants. Here is a deed which, nowadays, would be deemed most brutal and unmanly, recorded in Pepys' Diary as rather commendable than otherwise:—"December 2, 1680. This morning, observing some things to be laid up not as they should be by my girl, I took a broom and basted her till she cried exceedingly."

☞ A man is circumscribed in all his ways by God's providence, just as he is in a ship; for though he may walk freely upon the decks, he must go whither the ship bears him.

Accidents With Firearms.

Of all the foolish things in the world for the ignorant in such mechanism to handle, nothing comes up to a gun; and yet, is there anything at all approaching to its dangerous character handled so recklessly? A great deal of this arises from sheer downright pride, that worst and most lamentable pride—the pride of ignorance; and these painful accidents we read of so often, are the consequences. A man will honestly avow his want of thorough knowledge of almost any other piece of mechanism, from a steam-engine to a chronometer; but "not know how to handle a gun? Pooh!—tough!—what are you talking about? Why, he has shot since he was weaned; he has killed more game than you have hairs on your head. He not understand a fowling-piece! Why, he was *born* in a gun-barrel!"

The only thing to be done is to get as far away as possible from the genius who "was born in a gun-barrel" until he lays the dangerous engine out of his hands. A person in the habit of handling firearms does so in such a careful manner as to banish fear from the most nervous. When he takes up the weapon, he does not instantly aim at either your right eye or your left; neither does he bring the front and back sights, if his weapon be a rifle, in a line with the tip of your nose, and draw your attention to the steady manner in which you are "covered" at that moment.

The first golden rule for all persons to practise, who may touch firearms, is—*always to handle them as if they were loaded!* Even if one is handed to you out of a gunmaker's case, brand-new from the fitter, follow out the rule. We do not say that in such instances this carefulness is necessary or requisite, but here is the value—it accustoms you to the mode, and by never departing from it, you are always out of danger's way, in the event of an accident. The stories that gun-makers could tell, apart from what we read in the newspapers, of gun-accidents, would make the reader's hair stand on end. You take up a gun, believing it to be unloaded, as a matter of course; you aim at the centre of, let us say, that "Economic Ten Guinea Mirror" over the mantel-piece, the darling of your room and your dear wife's heart. There is no cap on the nipple; you "sight" the reflection of something in the glass, possibly that mole on your beloved partner's upper lip, that contributed so largely towards making you a married man. She is standing behind you, looking over your shoulder at her gallant warrior and herself: you pull the trigger—*Bang!* and on your return to consciousness and this world, you make the discovery, that you have placed yourself in the necessary position for calling in the aid of the Economic Ten Guinea Mirror Company once more. The most rigid investigation, in which you are assisted by "Maria"—her nineteenth hysteric having blown over without bursting—is instituted, not a scrap of an exploded cap can be found. Besides, you are ready to swear that there was no cap on at all—nay, you *do* swear to that fact and *at* that fact; but I don't think that your mode of expressing yourself at this time would materially add to the weight of your evidence in a court of law. Ah! my friend, you may look and look, and so may "Maria," until all the eyes in your heads have become salt-water spouts, and unless you know what I am about to say below, you will look in vain for the cause of that accidental shot.

It happens very much too often that a cap is placed on the nipple after a gun is loaded, and removed again, should anything occur which prevents the newly-inserted charge from being fired off. That is always a source of sleeping danger, in this wise. On the inside of the crown of the percussion-cap is placed the fulminate that produces the detonation, and, through the nipple touch-hole into the breech, the explosion of the charge. A person often loads his gun with the full intention, at the moment, of firing that shot; something, however, occurs which prevents it, and the cap is taken off, leaving the charge in the gun. Now, here is the danger. The chances are a hundred, ay, a thousand to one, that some of the fulminate will rub off—*even only the tenth part of a grain*—and adhere to the crown of the nipple. Such a small quantity cannot possibly be noticed by the naked eye, indeed, it is never looked for. The loaded gun is put away, and at some future time, some careless ignoramus gets hold of it; takes the absence of the cap from the nipple as evidence of the barrel being empty; points it at some one near him; pulls the trigger, when the hammer goes down on the grain of fulminate, and explodes it; then a coroner's inquest has to step in to wind up the details of the dreadful tragedy. Here is one cause of the accidental explosion of firearms.

A clerk in the offices of one of the great railway termini was—all honor to him for it—a rifle volunteer. It was Saturday and drill-day, and in order to save himself a journey in the afternoon, he had brought his rifle with him to the office. When they had all "knocked off" business, he was doing what he deemed a little bit of fancy-work with his Enfield, just to give "those fellows" an idea of matters. Well, he suddenly "covered" one of his colleagues.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the terrified clerk, who had often read of gun-accidents, but who was not a volunteer—"good heavens! what do you mean?"

"Oh, she's not loaded; besides, there's no cap on. I am only 'sighting you.'"

"Well, don't be a fool: sight the office-clock up yonder, which will answer much better, and won't frighten me."

"Oh, well, just as you like; it makes no difference to me, since you are so 'funky' about nothing."

The office-clock was "sighted," the trigger pulled, and the next moment, amid flame and smoke, that clock's historic career had arrived at the close of its first epoch: the bullet drilled a path right through it into the wall. The rifle had been at ball-practice the previous week, when the last charge was left in, but the cap removed. It was some of the fulminate of the mercury that had rubbed off the inside on to the top of the nipple, and, being struck by the hammer, exploded, and ignited the charge just as effectually as if there had been a bushel of it.

Whenever you take a gun in your hand, inquire if it is loaded. Should there be no person to answer you, if the gun is a muzzle-loader, place the butt on the ground, outside the left foot, having previously fixed the hammer at half-cock, and holding the muzzle in a forward direction, clear of your person, draw the ramrod, and insert it gently into the barrel. If there is a charge in, you will feel the "thud" of the ramrod upon it, whilst the rod's upper end will project about three fingers' breadth above the muzzle of the gun. Should the piece not be loaded, the ramrod will sink right down, and the bread metal and will [illegible] the empty barrel by the top against the breech-plug. Never handle a loaded gun except for the purpose of discharging it; *and never at any time—either in jest or earnest—point a gun at any living thing you don't deliberately intend to kill.*

Should the gun be a breech-loader, you have only to open the breech and see what is inside. For the reason already given, never snap the hammer on the nipple, and always, before you begin to examine the gun, see that it is on half-cock. Should the hammer be on full-cock, do not ease it down to half-cock, and let it remain, for the chance against you is, that the sear will not nick properly into the tumbler. But, ease down to the nipple, then draw back smartly, and you will get a firm half-cock.

When in the field, the pride of ignorance often prevents the novice asking the most necessary advice, and sad consequences frequently ensue. If loading with a double-barrel gun, always take care that the half-cock is a true set from the top of the nipple, but *never* from the full-cock. Sometimes one barrel only has been discharged, although both have been on full-cock. Before you load again, make sure that the hammer of the full barrel is set on half-cock, as directed above. Many an accident has occurred through the neglect of this precaution.

Take care that you do not let a gun "look" at you, unless you are certain that there is no danger in "her." Always take care to look at the gun, and keep the muzzle at as respectable a distance from other people's heads and limbs—not forgetting your own—as you conveniently can.

Another bad practice with those who ought to know better, is to rest the hammer on the nipple after "capping." Should the hammer be accidentally struck, there will be an explosion to a certainty. In order to prevent a false movement when setting the hammer, take care that the fingers don't press against the trigger. Never forget the direction of the line of fire, and *always* keep a sharp eye on the muzzle. By a gun "looking" at you is meant having the muzzle turned towards your head. The apparent carelessness with which old hands twist guns about, too often leads the uninitiated to try the same performance. They seldom find the results sufficiently encouraging to further imitate the example.

"The cat in gloves catches no mice." Take off yours, when you intend to touch a gun.

Some men can't load without having an eye close to the muzzle, to see how the powder gets along; this is letting the gun "look" at them with a vengeance! The proper way to load a muzzle-loader is to lay the butt outside the left foot, with the hammer to the front, and the muzzle clear of the body. The most that will then be in danger will be the right-hand fingers, which are much less important than most people think their head. In double barrels, to prevent accident, always load the left barrel *first*, and the right barrel *last*; because, should one go off whilst you are loading the other, your hand will be safe at any rate.

Never bring a loaded gun into the house, unless you mean to use it there. It is only done for economy's sake, to save the charge. When an accident occurs through this, the person who brought in the gun "thought this" and "thought that," and thought everything but the right thing, which was to have fired off the charge out of doors, and thus have been perfectly safe, *without any more thinking at all.*

With respect to the foolish economy of saving a charge by leaving it in the gun, the people who do so probably never think that they are staking both life and limb, either of themselves or some other person, against the comparatively valueless property of two-and-a-half drams of gunpowder, and about one-and-a-half ounce of shot! Long odds for such a trifle, my good friend, and such as do not argue much for your judgment. We again entreat of you, *never to take a loaded gun into any habitation whatever.*

Now, unless you wish to play either the character of principal or accessory in the first degree at a coroner's inquest, never let a loaded gun have the least opportunity, by accident or otherwise, of doing harm. This may seem unnecessary iteration, but any respectable gunmaker will tell you differently. Always take your time in loading; it is one of those things that should never be done in a hurry, but deliberately, even if rapidly. You had better waste a minute or two extra, and be *safe*, than get knocked over, with "miraculous escape" (?) from death and three months in a hospital.

Never pull the trigger until you are sure that there is nobody you don't want to hit in the way; many lamentable accidents have arisen from the neglect of this precaution. We could cite half-a-dozen painful cases, but we don't wish to republish the names of the unintentional homicides: the character of such cases may be very easily imagined. The best way to carry a loaded gun in company, is at "the slope" over the shoulder; should it "go off" by accident, the muzzle being clear of everybody, the shot flies harmlessly into the air. In no other position is there such absolute security. All this advice is given on the assumption that none of the thousand-and-one contrivances known as "safety-guards," are attached to the gun of the reader. They are generally somewhat expensive; and notwithstanding any claim to efficiency which they may possess, they are very seldom used.

Barrel-bursting is a source of gun-accidents of the most fearful kind. It occurs from causes over which the shooter has no control, and from causes over which he has. The first arises from the character of the metal and the maker, being mostly a breeches-pocket question. Those who go in for cheapness can be accommodated in the gun-trade to the "ninth part of a hair." The "cheap jack," or, more properly speaking, ironmonger's guns can be turned out at from sixty to seventy shillings for a double-barrel. They are made of a material known to the trade as *twopenny skelp*, a very low kind of scrap-iron; but below this depth, there is a deeper and a "cheaper" still—an iron called by the very appropriate name of *sham-damn*. This latter quality is almost exclusively used for exportation, in order, we presume, to elevate and establish the character of the British gun-trade in regions far beyond the seas. The barrels are very nicely browned and operated upon in a manner quite pleasing to the untutored eye, and no doubt equally gratifying to the conscience of the exporter, apart from the pocket-element altogether.

We strongly advise any man using such a gun to make his will—if he has anything to put in it; have a final business interview with his favorite undertaker; let his wife select her fancy weeds; and carry the coroner's address in the lining of his hat; for he can never tell the day or the hour when all these arrangements may come into operation at the same moment. When it is considered that no respectable maker can turn out a decent double gun under from fifteen pounds to twenty pounds, the reader may imagine what he is likely to get for "three pun ten!"

To be sure, there is the Gun-barrel Proof Act of 1855, but from the tender and charitable consideration which we always extend to Roguery, in the religious hope that it will see the errors of its ways some day, the Proof Act does not sprain its leg tendons in running after the *skelp* and the *sham-damn* people; they are too benighted to make much noise about. The proof-charge is *three* times that of the ordinary charge, and all double-barrel shot-guns have to be proved twice. This will give an idea of the chance which either *skelp* or *sham-damn* would have under such an ordeal, and whether they are all proved or not.

We could state what the proof-marks are, but, as they could not be understood without illustrations, and as we presume that the reader will never think of buying a gun from anywhere except a respectable gun-shop, it is not necessary.

The causes of barrel-bursting that are under the control of the shooter, are as follows: improper loading when powder and solid shot are put in separately, as in a rifle, whereby a space is left between them. In this case, the ball will rest on a cushion of compressed air, that will resist the action of the ramrod like the breech itself. But this can only occur by the shot fitting so tightly as to thoroughly stop the "windage." Again, even when this is not the case, should the ball not rest closely on the powder, but fit very tight in the barrel, the latter is almost certain to burst, on exploding the charge. With respect to shot-guns (fowling-pieces), the danger of bursting from inattention is greater than in rifles, because the latter are so much stronger in proportion.

Never let mud, snow, or stiff clayey soil, get into the muzzle of your gun, else you will have the barrel burst on firing. Be cautious, also, and do not overcharge your piece, a fault often committed by the unpractised when using a powder-flask. With cartridges, overloading is, of course, impossible.

I have already said that you must always look at your gun, but never let your gun look at you. In consequence, however, of the sad and fatal accident by which the lamented Captain Speke lost his life, I will lay down detailed cautions to, if possible, prevent the recurrence of such a calamity. It appears, from the accounts in the newspapers, that the distinguished traveller was getting over a wall, and when on the top, he lifted his gun up after him. The muzzles were pointed towards him, and the hammer went down, whether at full-cock or half-cock does not much matter here. Now, the way to prevent such risk in future is this: put the gun on the wall, *with its muzzle from you*, before you attempt to get over yourself. If that can't be done, and the piece is a muzzle-loader, set the hammers at half-cock, according to previous directions, then place the gun against the wall, *muzzle downwards*, resting on a bit of stone, or something equivalent, to prevent dirt getting into the barrel. Where there are stone walls, there are sure to be pieces of stone lying about large enough for this purpose. If you can't however, find any, you will be almost sure to have some pieces of paper about you of some kind; even the envelope of a letter will do very well. When on the wall, or over it, you can then easily lift your gun up to you by the stock, and if it should happen to go off at that time, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that the charge will harmlessly enter the ground upon which it has been standing.

Some stress has been laid on the fact, that Captain Speke's gun was one of Lancaster's breech-loaders, as if that meant anything. Now, the fact is, that with Lancaster's or any other breech-loaders, or muzzle-loaders either, such accidents are inevitable under such circumstances. The way, however, to do with a breech-loader, in a similar case of placing it against a wall or other rest, is simply to unlock the breech-action. It is a thousand pities, and deeply to be deplored, that such a thought did not occur to poor Speke. Had he done so, then, when the sear slipped from the tumbler-notch, the hammer would have struck nothing, as the cartridge-head would have been beyond the curve of its fall.

☞ Pins at Rome.—A correspondent writes that "pins are still made in Rome, under a Papal monopoly a century old, with head and shank in one, all formed of weak, bending wire. As to scissors or knives, nobody dreams of using them who can afford the poorest refuse of English cutlery; and the nails, screws, and horse-shoes are as bad as bad can be."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market is dull but firm at previous quotations. The week's sales reach 10,000 bbls Flour at $9,50@10 for superfine; $10,50@11,25 for low grade and good extras; $11,50@12,50 for extra family, the latter for high grade Western, and $12,75@13 for fancy brands. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are scarce and firm, with small sales of the former at $9@9,25. Buckwheat Meal is also scarce and in request at $6,12½@6,25 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN comes in slowly, but the receipts of Wheat are fully up to the demand; sales of 25,000 bus at $2,60@2,65 for fair to prime Pennsylvania and Western reds, including inferior at $1,25@1,55, Delaware do at $2,63@2,67, and white at $2,75@2,95, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye is selling at $1,85 to 1,90. Corn—Sales of 20,000 bus at $1,70@1,72 for new yellow, $1,80 for old and new mixed, and $1,80 for old. Oats—25,000 bus Southern and Pennsylvania have been disposed of at 98c.

PROVISIONS—The market for the hog product is firmer, and Dressed Hogs are scarce, and worth $16,50@17 the 100 lbs. About 600 bbls Mess Pork sold at $39@41, the latter for city. Of Beef, sales are reported at $[illegible] for standard and extra western mess, and Beef Hams at $[illegible] bbl. Bacon—A few old bagged Hams sold for shipment at [illegible]c. Green Meats meet with a limited demand at [illegible]c for Hams, and 18½@19½c for Shoulders. Lard—Sales at 22c for country, and 24½@25½c for city; kegs are held at 26c. Butter is selling at 45@55c for packed and roll. Cheese is firm at 18@26c ℔ lb for western and New York State. Eggs are selling at [illegible]c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—The market is rather more active; sales 200 bales, in small lots, at equal to $1,20@1,25 for low to good middling quality.

BARK—Quercitron is lower. A sale of 30 hhds 1st No 1 was made at $42½ ℔ ton. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX is quoted at 73@75c.

COAL—The market is unsettled and very dull, and prices nearly nominal, ranging at $9,50@[illegible] ton on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—Some 500 bags Rio found buyers at 44½@47½c, and 100 bags Costa Rica at 46c.

FEATHERS are dull, and selling at 84c ℔ lb for good Western.

FRUIT is selling moderately at $[illegible] for Green Apples and $[illegible] ℔ bbl for Cumberland. [illegible] lbs pared Peaches sold at 36@37c for prime, and choice at 40c; 20,000 lbs unpared quarters brought 24½ to 25c.

HAY is steady at $[illegible] ℔ ton for baled.

HOPS are selling at [illegible] for new crop.

IRON—There is very little inquiry for Pig Metal, and the sales are confined to a few small lots of American, mostly at $[illegible] for good No 2, including No 2nd [illegible], and No 1 at $[illegible] ℔ ton, cash. Scotch Pig is dull at $[illegible] ℔ ton.

LEAD—[illegible] pigs Galena sold at 16c ℔ lb, cash.

LUMBER—Prices are nominally unchanged, and there is nothing doing worthy of notice.

MOLASSES—There is very little stock here to operate in. We note [illegible] bbls Syrup sold at [illegible]c, cash.

OILS—Of Petroleum, which is very scarce and prices tending up, the sales are mostly confined to fine oil at [illegible]c. Benzole is selling at 75@76c, and Crude at [illegible], and little or none here.

PLASTER is quoted at $[illegible] ℔ ton.

SEEDS—There is a steady demand for Cloverseed at $[illegible] ℔ bushel. Timothy is steady at $[illegible], and Flaxseed at $[illegible] ℔ bushel.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is worth $[illegible]. Whiskey—Sales are reported at $1,[illegible] for Pennsylvania and western bbls.

SUGARS—The market is firm but inactive. Sales [illegible] hhds, mostly Cuba, within the range of 18@[illegible]c.

TALLOW is held at 18@18½c.

WOOL—The market is firm but very inactive. 100,000 lbs have been disposed of within the range of $1,00 for fine, $1,05@1,10 for medium and low grade fleece, and $1,00@1,05 for tub. Yarns are worth $1,65@1,70 ℔ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The prices realized from $10 to 16,00 ℔ 100 lbs. 4000 Hogs at from $12 to 16,00 ℔ 100 lbs. Sheep—7000 head were disposed of at from 6 to 8½c ℔ lb. 115 Cows brought from $30 to 70 ℔ head.

BOUNTY,
PRIZE MONEY,
PENSIONS.

We advise persons having such claims against the Government to call on or address E. T. Mathews & Co., No. 308 Walnut St., Philadelphia. No charge unless claim is collected. Correspondence promptly answered.

Purchasers may rely upon getting the best *Furs* at Chas. Oakford & Sons, Continental Hotel.

Brown's Bronchial Troches.—We would call the especial attention of clergymen and teachers to "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" It is well known to our readers that we do not admit medicines to our columns. We advertise these *Troches*, because, after a trial of them, we are satisfied that they are the best thing of the kind extant.—*Chicago School Journal.*

Ladies' and Children's Hats.—All styles at Chas. Oakford & Sons, Continental Hotel.

Soldiers, Attention!—Pain, disease, and exposure, with a hot climate, muddy water and bad diet, will be unavoidable, but armed with HOLLOWAY'S PURIFYING AND STRENGTHENING PILLS, you can endure all these and still retain good health. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make so much profit as on other persons' make. 35 cents, 88 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

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Ladies' and Gentlemen's
FURS.
The largest and best stock in the city, at
Charles Oakford & Sons,
Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. oc22-13t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Philip W. Hoover to Miss Henrietta Tompkins, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Alday, Mr. George Weidersum to Miss Mary Jane, daughter of Danl. Peak, Esq., both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Charles Hill, Mr. Morris B. Faulkner to Miss Sue A., daughter of Wm. Chambers, Esq., both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Francis C. Pearson, Mr. Charles Lewis to Miss Caroline McKinley, both of this city.

On the 2d of Aug., by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. James Forsyth to Miss Elizabeth Sears, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th instant, John A. Howell, in his 59th year.

On the 14th instant, Nancy B., youngest daughter of the late John B. Myers.

On the 12th instant, Louisa K., wife of John J. Miller, aged 20 years.

On 4th-day morning, the 14th instant, Hannah W., wife of Enos Sharpless, in her 82d year.

On the 13th instant, Mr. John V. Cowell, in his 80th year.

On the 13th instant, William S. Roach, in his 43d year.

On the 12th instant, Samuel Brown, in his 27th year.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. Catharine Vaughan, in her 88d year.

EYRE & LANDELL HAVE REDUCED some expensive GOODS for Christmas Presents of intrinsic value.

EYRE & LANDELL have opened some splendid melodeon and piano covers for valuable Christmas Gifts.

EYRE & LANDELL have marked down some magnificent Silks and Expensive Shawls, Scarfs, DeLaines and Prints for Christmas. mar19-ly

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THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,
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WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

These Machines are now sold, with valuable improvements, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	60
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	70
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	100
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

TERMS, CASH.

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a Premium for The Lady's Friend and The Saturday Evening Post—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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Considered in the light of the Holy Scriptures, the testimony of Reason and Nature, and the Various Phenomena of Life and Death.
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nov5-13t

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A Real Pain Extractor.
It reduces the most angry-looking swellings and inflammations, heals
OLD SORES, WOUNDS, BURNS, SCALDS,
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We have recently added to our large and extensive Stock a fine collection of newest styles of
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All of recent manufacture and importation, appropriate for the Holidays.

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This powerful novel, by Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, is now for sale by booksellers generally. We call attention to the following notices:

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"Ora, The Lost Wife, by Bella Z. Spencer, a youthful lady whose husband, Col. Spencer, is fighting his country's battles. This is a story of American society, and though some of the incidents are on the verge of the improbable, and one or two of the characters act like people in a melodrama, the reader cannot fail to be interested in the fiction. Mrs. Spencer writes unexceptionable English, without the slightest straining for effect. The action is partly in the South, but the greater portion is divided between New York and Saratoga; the season life in the latter place, is described with truth and spirit—hollow, foolish life that it is. The trials of the heroine are related in an effective manner, and, upon the whole, if 'Ora' be her first book, Mrs. Spencer may expect, with the care and thought indispensable to such an end, to become popular as a novelist."

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"'Ora,' we judge to be the work of a young writer of great talent and bright promise. It will commend itself to the lovers of the better class of fiction, as one of the best books of the day. We like it, while we think the writer capable of better things still, and hope to hear from her again."

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OF

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This Company, owns in *fee simple* over FOUR SQUARE MILES OF TERRITORY, in the choicest localities east and west of the Allegheny river, and being TWO SQUARE MILES, known as the Cotter Farm, situate *on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad*, one and a half miles west of Garland Station, in Warren county, Pennsylvania, within eighteen hours' ride of Philadelphia; and TWO SQUARE MILES on the North Salmon Creek, Forrest county, Pennsylvania, just over the border of Venango county. These lands are acknowledged by oil-men, geologists, etc., to be in the very centre of the great oil region.

Developments are rapidly progressing in all directions around the lands of the Company, and within two miles oil is being abundantly obtained. The property is already yielding a handsome revenue to the Company in their *saw-mill and timber*. There is lumber sufficient to keep their mills running for fifteen years. On the property on Salmon Creek, Forrest county, there are also large deposits of Bituminous Coal, which can be worked and will increase the profits of the Company very materially. The Cotter Farm is situate about ten miles north of the celebrated Tideoute, on the Allegheny river, which was the first spot where wells were drilled and oil obtained.

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They invite all who desire investing in Oil Companies with a *really solid basis*, to call at their office and examine prospectuses, draughts, etc.

All orders through the PHILADELPHIA BOARD OF BROKERS OR BANKERS, throughout the State, will receive prompt attention.

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AT THE NOMINAL PAR $5 EACH—SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $2 PER SHARE.

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EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE INTERESTS OF ITS STOCKHOLDERS.

No pains have been spared to place it on a genuine and substantial footing. Most valuable and extensive tracts of Oil and Coal lands have been secured IN FEE, and leaseholding PRODUCING INTERESTS in the heart of the Venango County (Pa.) Oil Region. Attention is invited to the following schedule of the Company's property, including FEE SIMPLE TERRITORY, LEASEHOLDS, PRODUCING WELLS and wells in various stages of completion.

No. 1.—30 acres of bottom land in fee, on the Allegheny River, having a water frontage of nearly one mile. New 10-horse power engine and fixtures. Two wells sunk to the depth of 300 feet and already filled with oil. Room for 40 more wells.

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No. 4.—Same interest in lease on the well-known "HAMILTON McCLINTOCK FARM," Oil Creek. One well now being tested; already yielding 12 barrels daily, and rapidly increasing. Others going down. Two new engines, with fixtures complete.

No. 5.—1-12 of two leases on the CLAPP FARM, near the great Williams and Stanton 100-barrel wells. On this property is "Sherman Well, No. 2," now down 500 feet, Engine, &c., &c. Room for more wells.

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Books for ORIGINAL SUBSCRIPTIONS will be opened on

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Prospectuses, maps, and detailed information at either subscription office.

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PENNSYLVANIA

IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY.

Office 130 South [illegible] Street, Philadelphia.

Capital $1,000,000. 200,000 Shares at $5 Each.

RESERVED CAPITAL $[illegible]

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Directors.

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Secretary, JAMES H. [illegible]

Treasurer, ELISHA W. DAVIS.

The Company has [illegible] Allegheny river, [illegible] Oil City [illegible] Company [illegible] lowed to produce profitably.

Also, one hundred acres in fee simple, in the celebrated Cherry Run [illegible] Cherry Run [illegible] now worth over $[illegible] per acre. [illegible] have offers, which will be accepted, [illegible] wells on leases, [illegible] and one-half the proceeds to go to the Company. The Curtis and St. Nicholas Companies [illegible] ing a large premium. In addition, the Company has 60 acres in fee simple, on Cherry Tree Run, which empties into Oil Creek, and in the best producing section of the Oil Territory, and 150 acres, in fee simple, on Walnut Bend, five miles above the mouth of Oil Creek, and not over two miles from the celebrated Reed well, now producing over 200 barrels per day.

Also, the lease of three tracts of land, two on Oil Creek, each producing over ten barrels per day, and one on Allegheny river, producing ten barrels per day of heavy oil, worth now $[illegible] per barrel. The Company now receives three-fourths of the proceeds of the last named well, and one-half of the other two. Each of these tracts will be developed by the Company by sinking additional wells, and the engines and fixtures are now on hand to do it.

The officers of this Company mean to prosecute the development of these lands most energetically, and they have entire confidence that they will yield very large dividends on the capital stock.

☞ Subscriptions must be made promptly, as more than one-half of the stock is already engaged. Subscriptions will be received at the office.
dec24-3t

CLARION RIVER

OIL COMPANIES,

Office:—341 Walnut Street,

(Second Floor.)

WILLIAM F. SCHELL,
President.
J. SIMPSON AFRICA,
dec24-4t *Secretary and Treasurer.*

PROSPECTUS

OF

THE HOOVER & MARSHALL OIL CO.

Office, No. 208 South FOURTH St., below Walnut, back room, first floor.

CAPITAL, $400,000; SHARES, 40,000; PAR VALUE, $10.

The property of this Company is situated on the Allegheny River, and embraced within a distance of about two-and-a-half miles from the town of Franklin, Venango county, Penna., and upon the same side of said river.

It consists of the entire working interest, (which is one-half of the Oil produced,) in a Lease and Oil Well located on the well-known "Hoover Farm," celebrated as among the first and most productive Oil Territories, and known as the "HOOVER & MARSHALL WELL."

The lease is for Ten Rods square with a frontage of a like number of rods upon the River, giving room for two more wells, and has an unexpired term of twenty-seven years. There is also a first-class ten horse Engine, Tubing, Tanks, and everything necessary to carry on successful operations.

The Well (which is a flowing and pumping one) has been in operation for three years, and, carelessly handled, has produced regularly from 100 to 118 bbls. per week (including stoppage), at times *Flowing Eighteen Barrels* per day, yielding for the working interest of the Company about $30,000 annually. The Oil is superior, its lubricating qualities commanding for it $3 to $5 per barrel more than the oil from Oil Creek. This well, rightly handled and actively worked by the celebrated Patent Air Pump, leaves but little doubt of its being restored to its original production—from 40 to 50 barrels per day.

The other property of the Company consists in a valuable river tract of fifty acres in fee simple, adjoining the extreme borough line of Franklin, with a large boring surface facing the river, and also upon the creeks that run through the tract, thereby increasing boring surface, and enhancing greatly its value as oil territory. In addition to this, it has, from its contiguity to the county town of one of the most flourishing and rapidly growing towns of the State, a large surface value.

In the product of the wells of this region, there has ever been a remarkable uniformity, which, with the late valuable discovery of a 70 barrel well on the island opposite the "Hoover Farm," and the discovery of large and valuable producing wells all around the Company's property, (see extract below,) stamps the region as one of the most valuable oil territories. The Franklin *Citizen*, in noticing the new wells recently struck, says:

"One by Dale & Morrow, on October 12, on the Cochrane Farm, two miles below Franklin, which yielded 240 barrels at the first forty-eight hours' pumping, is considered good for 100 barrels. John Lee has also obtained a flowing well, on the Martin Farm, just above the Hoover, and nearly opposite the Cochrane, which flows over 50 barrels per day. Also, Mr. Hube, who owns a lease on the Smith Farm, who has been pumping 4 barrels per day at 400 feet deep, sunk his well 126 feet, and struck a well giving 60 barrels per day. All these strikes have been within ten days, and the prospect of a number more in a short time."

Fifteen thousand shares have been set aside by the Company for the purpose of boring three more wells.

This region, with its oil wells so celebrated for their steadiness and durability, the great numbers of large flowing and pumping wells recently discovered, the superior quality of the oil as a lubricator, and the high prices always so readily obtained, with extraordinary shipping facilities, from the wells being located on the margin of the river, and only two-and-a-half miles from the railroad, unite to offer parties wishing to invest in oil territory safely, inducements of the highest character.

Books for subscription are now open at the office of the Company, No. 208 South FOURTH St., below Walnut.

Only a limited number of shares will be sold at $3 50 per share.

N. B.—Royalties having risen to one-half the oil, the Company expect to realize largely from leasing a portion of their tract held in fee simple.
dec10-3t T. S. PHILIPS, Treasurer

PROSPECTUS OF THE

COTTER FARM OIL COMPANY

OF PHILADELPHIA.

CAPITAL STOCK $1,000,000.

DIVIDED INTO 200,000 SHARES, AT $5,00 PER SHARE.

Subscription Price for a Limited Number of Shares, $2.50 per Share.

STOCK ISSUED FULL PAID.

$50,000 Cash Appropriated as a Working Capital.

President,
ISAIAH LUKENS, M. D.
Vice-President,
WM. M. STEWART.
Treasurer,
WM. D. SMITH.
Secretary,
E. J. HARRISON, M. D.

The Property of the Company consists of the following:

1. The *fee simple* of 1,280 acres, known as the "Cotter Farm," on Big Broken-Straw Creek, and on the line of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, one and a half miles west of Garland, Pittsfield township, Warren county, Pennsylvania. This land is situated in one of the best localities in the neighborhood. It takes in the whole of the valley for over a mile in extent, giving a frontage on the Broken-Straw Creek of over two miles. It also extends northward over the bluff and takes in a considerable portion of the Blue Eye Run, a tributary of the Broken-Straw. Broken-Straw Creek takes its rise from the east side of the bluff, which gives rise to the celebrated Oil Creek, on the west side. It is navigable from the Cotter Farm to the Allegheny River, a distance of ten miles, and thus affords facilities for transportation by boat to Pittsburg. As mentioned before, *the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad runs directly through the property on the bank of the creek, and thus it is brought in direct communication with the great oil markets, New York and Philadelphia.* The bluffs rise from 400 to 600 feet, in some places very abruptly. There is a dam built across the creek about midway on the property, giving immense water power to one of the finest and best constructed saw-mills in the country. This mill at present saws 6,000 feet of lumber per day with one single upright saw. A gang of saws can be added at a small cost, and the mill be made capable of yielding a revenue to the Company at once equal to an ordinary producing well. The bluffs abound with pine, hemlock, etc., in such quantity as to keep the mill running for several years. In addition to the mill there is a very substantial and large frame house, several smaller ones, barns, stables, blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, etc.—in short, everything that an experience of a twenty-years' residence taught the late owner to be necessary. The bottom land on the flat is good farming land, is cleared for the purpose, and is from 150 to 200 acres in extent. The farm abounds with choice spots for drilling, and with facilities for the purpose, such as few other lands possess. The ravines which intersect and form breaks between and through the hills, and which are favorite localities for wells, have fine streams, which will give sufficient water power to enable the Company to immediately commence sinking several wells, thus saving the expense and delay in obtaining engines. A derrick can be built near the saw-mill, and gearing attached, thus making the mill to answer a double purpose. The "shows" of oil are equal, and in many places superior and more numerous, to those observed in what has proved to be the best localities on Oil Creek. About two miles from the farm over the bluffs, the Hosmer Oil Company, of Philadelphia, are drilling two wells on the Hosmer Run, which empties into the Broken-Straw at Garland. These wells are giving the most gratifying evidence of the existence of oil in great quantities and have established its presence in that region beyond a doubt. The Cotter Farm is situate about 10 miles nearly due north of the now celebrated Tideoute, on the Allegheny River.

2. The *fee simple* of 1,167 acres on the North Salmon Creek, Tionesta township, Forrest county, Pa., just over the border of Venango county. This land, as in the case of the Cotter Farm, takes in the valley as well as the bluffs on both sides and is traversed by numerous ravines and little streams running into the Salmon Creek. The evidences of Oil cannot be excelled—in fact, are so marked, and the formation of the land is so favorable to the existence of Oil, that every oil-man visiting the region says, "Salmon Creek is bound to equal the world-renowned Oil Creek," and the speculating public have shown their faith in it by leasing or buying every acre of land from this Company's territory to the mouth of the Creek—about five miles—as well as up and down the Tionesta River for several miles. This property is situate about 10 miles east of the Allegheny River. It abounds with the best description of Timber—Pine, Cherry, Hemlock, &c., which can be made to yield a handsome revenue to the Company. The development of the country is rapidly progressing. A well is being sunk half a mile from the property, two others two miles from it, and the Tionesta River is lined with them on each side for miles—one, at the mouth of Salmon Creek, now yielding oil, and all of them giving such indications while drilling that have heretofore only accompanied the sinking of the best wells on Oil Creek. In addition to this, the counties surrounding Forrest county—north, south, east, and west—are all yielding oil, and give great strength to the supposition that Forrest county is in the centre of an immense basin of Oil underlying that whole region of country.

A competent superintendent, Mr Frank O. Evers, who has had four years' experience in the business—has been appointed, and has commenced operations on the lands of the Company.

A limited number of shares will be sold at the above mentioned subscription price, $2,50 per share, which will be full paid, and $50,000 applied *immediately* to the development of the property.

From the above Prospectus it will be seen that the "Cotter Farm Oil Company" offers unusual inducements to those wishing to invest in Oil Stocks. The extent of the property owned by them, *over four square miles*, the well-known productiveness of the surrounding region, and the facilities possessed by them for the immediate development of their territory at not more than two-thirds the usual cost, warrant the Directors in asserting that the "Cotter Farm Oil Company" will soon place itself among the first dividend paying oil stock companies in the country.

Subscription Books are opened, and subscriptions to the Capital Stock of the Company received at their Offices, Nos. 23 and 24 WASHINGTON BUILDING, Third street below Walnut, and at the Office of

PHILIP H. BRICE & CO.,
No. 305 WALNUT STREET.

Matrimony.

Do you ever read the list of marriages, births and deaths in your morning paper? Being a man, and an old bachelor at that, I don't suppose that do I but, being a woman, I always do, and feel, therefore, competent to assure you that marriages have fallen off at least three-fourths since this cruel war broke out, and especially since the principal articles in the housekeeping line took such a jump upwards.

One, two or three in the most which now appears in a list that formerly counted its dozens, and there have a poor, military, poverty-stricken look, in the "so cards" so frequently appended to them.

It is sad to take a passing look at the nice house-furnishing establishments with which New York abounds, full of kitchen curiosities, and more interesting to young housekeepers, present and prospective, than any Museum, and think of them as hardly ever called upon for one of those complete outfits which have delighted so many young wives in days gone by, and only kept alive by the nothing exertions of servant girls, whose efforts to sustain them by breaking every household article or utensil they lay their hands upon, deserves this public acknowledgment.

It is more sad still, however, to think of the young women who are gradually wearing out their roses and their amiability under the influence of these depressing circumstances. Weeks lengthen into months, months into years, and at the turning of every new corner the prospect becomes more alarming. A line here, a wrinkle there, a disinclination to very strong lights, a fear of very late hours, and lo! some fine morning a crow's-foot, and not married yet! Is not that enough to sour the sweetest temper?

Water-falls, curls, crystal nets, floating ribbons, pretty bodices, coquettish hats, mask veils, dainty boots, tight-fitting gloves, fascinating manners, all of no avail. What can the young men be thinking of? What, indeed!

Such chances for picking and choosing haven't existed in years before, and may not for years again. Black eyes, blue eyes, and gray eyes, are all in the market, accompanied by delicate ankles, dainty waists, and a greater profusion of hair than was ever seen before, and if it isn't all natural, why it is probably bought, and paid for, and that would be a saving after marriage.

The want of matrimonial opportunities is not caused by the absence of young men; there are plenty of them to be seen in the streets, in society, and upon any public occasion. But it is noticed that while they are unusually polite, they are also unusually reticent. They only venture on the commonest attentions and civilities, they seem to have the fear of a trial for breach of promise perpetually before their eyes, and to be always on the defensive.

This naturally puts the girls to a still greater disadvantage—they are not only deprived of many of their usual methods of making an impression, but also of many of their former pleasures. They are not invited half so often to theatres, concerts, or opera, or even to take a chocolate, or a cream, probably because prices at fashionable restaurants have doubled, and young men find it as much as they can do to keep themselves in cigars and other luxuries.

The idea of love, of that sort of romance which leads men to commit the folly of taking a wife and trusting to Providence for the means to supply her with bread and butter is all gone—it never could flourish very well in a purely mercantile community, and it seems to have been lost entirely in the recent financial changes and revolutions.

The majority of our young men act as if they had been brought up under the tutelage of old Jonas Chuzzlewit, and do great credit to his training. They are as cool and calculating as an old stock operator, pride themselves on being up to all the "dodges," and are never to be caught unawares.

Marriages, therefore,—those that take place—will shortly begin to assume the attitude of a close bargain, in which both sides will seek to gain the advantage. Young women will have to make themselves objects of interest in quite another sense from that to which they have been accustomed, and must give up all notion of gaining husbands by the display of feminine attractions. A casual announcement by "papa," of how much he intends to pay down, will do more to elicit an avowal of serious intentions, now-a-days, than an entire battery of personal and millinery charms—and, it is feared, will do so for some time to come.—*N. Y. Leader.*

Home.

Deprive home of comfort, and the word loses its charm. Although not synonymous, the two words are so closely allied that each becomes devoid of reality when separated from the other. A comfortable home! Are not the words suggestive of paradise? Thither a man returns at the day's close, to seek consolation for the toil, vexations, anxieties, and losses sustained in the transaction of affairs.

It is at home that men and women are seen without disguise. Unobserved by strangers, they act as naturally as they breathe. Deception, if practiced, is short-lived, and liable to exposure from the most trivial causes. Men who, enjoying a reputation for liberality abroad, exercise extreme parsimony at home, are misers; husbands and wives who, although never seen apart in society, are distant as the poles when under the family roof, are not a truly wedded pair. Self-interest, regard for appearances, actuates the imposture, whilst indifference to purer motives and want of feeling stamp the true character at home. How eager the multitude is to learn something about the private life of royalty! Popular favorites also excite the same curiosity; and how wonderfully—in this country, at least—is the estimation of the public increased when it is reported that a celebrity leads a virtuous, simple life! Admiration takes root in contemplating the exercise of homely virtues on the part of those who, by accidental circumstances, are raised above the community.

To have a home of his own is the desire of every true-born man; to be mistress of a home the hope in which every maiden is reared. Success in business, or the pursuit of pleasure, may for a while be all-satisfying, but there comes a time to most when wealth ceases to attract, and the cup of pleasure palls on the senses. Very few men, and still fewer women, are thoroughly happy in any other state. Gains they count problems, and triumphs vanity, if they have failed to secure for their possessor a little nook in a corner of the earth where domestic happiness may be cultivated and enjoyed.

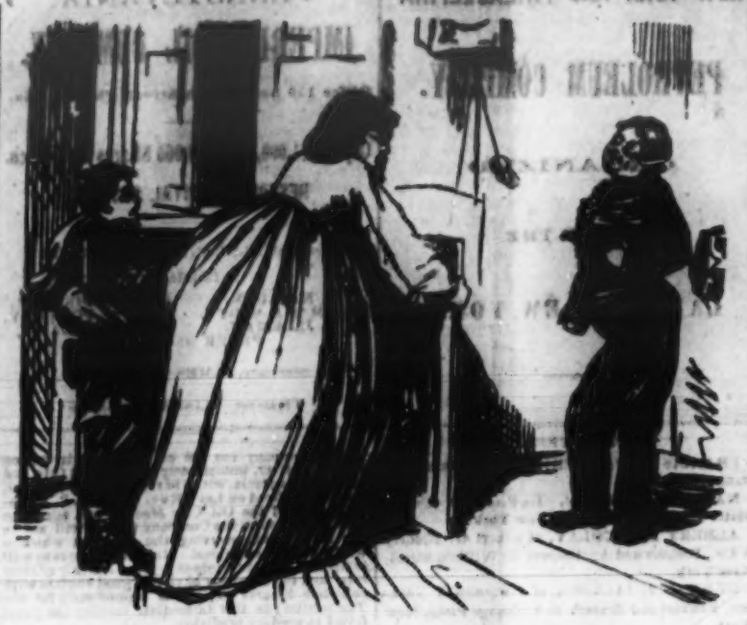
The ideal of home is associated with matrimony. "No home complete without a wife," might be written over every domicile. A bachelor may surround himself with every conceivable comfort. Money, with the assistance of the upholsterer, may fill every niche, and his residence, when furnished, may be called a home. But furniture will no more make it one than it will confer happiness. When the novelty of possession is worn off, disappointment remains. Vacancy stares from every mirror, restlessness haunts each couch: the spirit of the place is wanting. Cold natures get accustomed to the void, pretend they like it, and contract the sphere of their pleasures. But the generality of the race either put the whole affair up to auction, and adopt a different mode of living, or in the rashness of despair make an unsuitable marriage, and repent the mistake to the end of their days. There is a time for making homes as there is for building nests. The wise little birds do not wait till days are perpetual sunshine; they make their venture whilst the changes and chances of season are for and against success. An unerring instinct dictates the right time, and the hearts of the builders being in the work, they make light of disappointment. And when the summer declines, and long shadows are cast upon the earth, the feathered pair is cheered by chirruping that makes the nest quite gay. Those who marry young have much the same trials, much the same joys. The sound of children's voices, and the pattering of busy little feet, are as natural to the scene as the chirping of nestlings.

> Home, the resort
> Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
> Supporting and supported, polished friends
> And dear relations mingle into bliss,

loses its charm if devoid of sympathy and engaged by one alone.

It would seem that certain anxieties are inseparable from the pleasures of home-life. A community composed of many members would not belong to earth if devoid of trouble. Almost invariably one of a family is less favored than the others, either in health, grace, or good gifts. Even the most virtuous parents are afflicted with unprincipled sons and wayward daughters. There is in every fold a black sheep, a secret sorrow; a somebody or a something that a family does not care to exhibit or publish to the world. Where should the unhappy creature's defects be hid, where should the sorrow be concealed, unless it were at home? The privacy of the place screens from observation; its sanctity protects the wound. No greater proof of confidence can be given than that which leads a man to say to his friend, "Come and see me at home, I'll make no stranger of you." Side by side at the family table, face to face around the hearth, the host's inner self, his wife, his children, are open to observation. With feelings let loose in every direction, there is no time to act on the defensive if an enemy be at hand. And of all the sins committed in the lengthy category of breach of trust, none arouse greater resentment than violation of confidence thus reposed.

A husband makes the home; a wife preserves it. He earns money; she spends it. His means may be guessed from the establishment he keeps; her character is unmistakeably stamped in every detail. A vain-minded woman will surround herself with frivolities. To the utter exclusion of comfort, every snug corner will be occupied with some folly dependent for favor on the breath of fashion. Husband, children, servants, all must conform to the ruling whim, and make the best shift they can for ease. But I am digressing—my subject is Home, and I am depicting the reverse. UNA.



THE NEW BOY HONESTLY ACCOUNTS FOR HIS HONESTY.

"I am glad to perceive, Sammy, that you are a good boy, and do not make free with the almonds and raisins."

"Raisends and raisings, mum? No, mum, not if I knows it! Why they caught me once, mum, they did! They'd *counted* 'em, they had!"

WIT AND HUMOR.

MIXED METAPHORS.—A bombastic lawyer was making an argument before a jury, in the course of which he delivered himself of the following specimen of mock eloquence:—"But, gentlemen of the jury, the whole subject is in the dark, entirely, till we come to the testimony of Mr. B——, then it is that the cloud of doubt begins to *crack*, and the cat *is let out of the bag!*" A waggish brother lawyer sitting by, and who was good at sketching, caught up his pencil and a slip of paper, and with an eye to the rules of testing the correctness of rhetorical figure by painting it, drew the picture, exhibiting a cloud, a *crack* in the cloud, the mouth *of a bag* hanging down out of the crack, a *cat's tail* hanging down out of the bag, and to complete the picture, the said lawyer grasping the cat's tail and holding on, then slily sliding the picture along the table to the next brother lawyer, it passed around till it had made finishing work of unravelling what little gravity had been left among the members of the bar, by Mr Bombastic's delivery of his most eloquent sentence.

A Snake Story.

"During the Florida war," said one of a party of non-commissioned officers, "I was in the American army. One day I shouldered my gun, and went in search of game. In passing through a swamp I saw something a few feet ahead of me, lying upon the ground, which had every appearance of a log, it being some forty feet in length, and about a foot in diameter. So positive was I that it was nothing but a log that I paid no attention to it; the fact is I would have sworn before a court of justice that it was a log, and nothing else. You see I never heard of snakes growing to such huge dimensions, and the fact is I never should have believed it if I had. Well, between me and the log, as I took it to be, was a miry place, which it was necessary for me to avoid. I therefore placed the butt of my gun on the ground before me, and springing upon it, lit right on top of—what do you suppose?"

"A boa-constrictor," said one.

"No."

"What then could it have been?" asked a third.

"Just what I supposed it to be—a log," said the wag.

CONGRESSIONAL QUALIFICATIONS.—"Why don't you present yourself as a candidate for Congress?" asked a lady of her husband, who was confined with the rheumatism.

"Why should I, my dear?" inquired he, "I've no qualifications for the station.

"But I think you have," returned the wife, "your language and actions are truly parliamentary. When bills are presented, you either order them to be laid on the table, or you make a motion to rise; though often out of order, you are still supported by the chair, and you often poke your nose into measures which are calculated to destroy the constitution."

HARD LANGUAGE.—Dr. Johnson drove a Billingsgate fishwoman to the verge of madness by telling her she was an "individual." Here's a similar instance of misapprehension.

"Your remarks are crude, sir, very crude!" cried a man to one who styled him a scoundrel. "You have not time to weigh your words, or you would never have thought to express yourself in that manner."

"Well, sir, I've got proof," was the reply; "I've got proof of what you say. Mr. Brown, you will take notice that this man said I was crude, and I'll have satisfaction for it, if there is any law in the country."

UNRAVELING.—A man coming home late one night, a little more than "half seas over," feeling thirsty, procured a glass of water and drank it. In doing so he swallowed a small ball of silk that lay in the bottom of the tumbler, the end catching in his teeth. Feeling something in his mouth, and not knowing what it was, he began pulling at the end, and the little ball unrolling, he soon had several feet in his hands, and still no end, apparently. Terrified, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Wife! wife! I say, wife, come here! I am all unraveling!"

AGRICULTURAL.

Imperial Tokay.

The village of Tokay, which gives its name to the wine, is situated in Hungary on the top of a hill near the meeting of the Rodrog with the Theiss. The vineyards occupy a space of ten square miles. The earth is of yellow chalk mixed with large pebbles. The wine is white, and the vintage is commenced as late in the year as possible, but generally at the end of October. There are four different kinds of Tokay. The first is made by placing the grapes, when cleared of all rotten fruit, in a wooden vat with a double bottom, of which the one on which the grapes rest is pierced with small holes. The vat is filled with grapes and covered with boards. After a few hours the grapes become heated to 80 deg. Fahrenheit, and fermentation sets in. The fermentation destroys the tartaric acid, and the weight of the grapes forces the juice through the holes in the bottom. The grapes are then trodden under foot, and the wine is poured into small casks, where it remains exposed to the air for a month, after having fermented for two days. This is the wine which is generally exported. When of good quality it has a silvery, oily color, the taste sweet and mellow, with a peculiar earthy flavor, slightly astringent and aromatic, with good body. This wine may be preserved for an almost indefinite period, but it is not drinkable until it is three years old. The ordinary price of Tokay wine of first quality purchased at the vineyard is from 5s. to 6s. the bottle. The Emperor of Russia keeps a commission agent at Tokay who purchases forty or fifty casks of the best wine every year.—*Le Moniteur Vinicole.*

The Cultivation of Potatoes.

An agricultural society has been established at Plaisir, in Saxony, under the title of "Society for the cultivation of Potatoes." The society has already published a number of reports. One of them states that the best specimens of potatoes grown in sandy soil have quickly degenerated and given only an indifferent crop in the strong clayey land and in the neighborhood of Plaisir. Since the foundation of the society, in 1860, the members have made numerous experiments on strong, light, clayey, gravelly, and stony soils. The society procured samples of every description of potato sold, and they propagated those which produced the best results. After a year's trial they have generally found that the greatest number of potatoes succeed best in light and sandy land. They found, however, that the long potato from Algiers became rotten in sandy soil, and produced large and perfectly sound potatoes in strong land. The white English Kidney potato planted in stony ground, produced potatoes quite red. The society has lately offered 10 kilogrammes of seed potatoes to any farmer who will contribute 5 francs annually, on the sole condition that he will furnish the society with a statement setting forth the quantity of potatoes produced and the nature of the soil in which they were planted. The cultivation of the potato is of such importance to the Saxon population, that the number of subscribers to the society is rapidly increasing.—*North British Agriculturist.*

WHEAT GROWING.—The last number of the Royal Agricultural Society's Journal contains Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert's account of their long-continued experiments in wheat-growing, and the results. As an instalment towards elucidation of the great food-question, we epitomise a few of the conclusions arrived at. Wheat has been grown on the same land, *without manure*, for twenty years in succession, the land being of average wheat-producing quality. The produce averaged for the twenty years was 16½ bushels to the acre. The effect of farm-yard manure, applied yearly, was an average of 32½ bushels to the acre; and with artificial manures, the average was 35½ bushels; "considerably more," say the experimentalists, than the produce of Great Britain, when wheat is grown in the ordinary course of agriculture in rotation. Mineral manures alone, applied in the soluble form, scarcely increase the crop, while nitrogenous manures do occasion an increase; but the greatest increase takes place when these two kinds are combined.

A HINT TO HORTICULTURISTS.—One of the speakers at a recent meeting of agriculturists in New Haven, gave the following directions for taking trees from nurseries. He said:—

"An enormous amount of money is annually lost to tree purchasers from rude and unskillful taking up. Trees are torn up by the roots, as if the trunk and branches were the one thing necessary, and the roots superfluous. The proper way is, to open a trench on each side of the tree with a common spade, *keeping the edge toward the tree*, so as not to cross a root. These trenches should be far enough from the tree to avoid the main roots, and deep enough to go below all, except a tap-root, which may be cut off. This being done, the tree may be pulled up with its roots entire."

USEFUL RECIPTS.

AN ECONOMICAL WELSH DISH.—Take 2 pounds of a cushion of prime bacon, and soak it for three hours in a pan of cold water. Scrape it thoroughly, and place it in a saucepan of cold water, and let it boil gently over a slow fire for one hour. Have ready two bunches of large fresh garden leeks, (which are now in full season,) cut off the extremities, and strip off the outside leaves. Split the plants down the middle, well washing them in salt and water. Place them in a cabbage net, and put them into the saucepan with the bacon. Let them boil gently for half an hour, when they may be removed, and dished up with the bacon, after the manner of greens and cabbages. A boat of melted butter may be set beside them.—*Rose.*

YORKSHIRE PUDDINGS.—Yorkshire puddings can be made without milk and without eggs. We had a servant who used to contrive excellent puddings of the kind, light, brown, savory, and to me more digestible than the usual kind—of flour and water only, (with a little salt,) made into a batter! The dripping from the joint formed the only enriching ingredient. Some servants that we have had since have been able to make them, and some have failed, sending to table a sticky broken mess. I must acknowledge it is difficult to credit my assertion that a Yorkshire pudding of flour and water could be palatable; but the assertion is as true as, judging by later experience, the pudding seems difficult to make.—*English paper.*

TO CLEAN DECANTERS.—Roll up in small pieces some coarse brown paper, then wet and soap the same; put them into the vessel with a little lukewarm water and some common soda; shake them well, rince with clean water, and it will be as bright and clear as when new.

EVE'S PUDDING.—Grate three-fourths of a pound of stale bread, and mix it with three-fourths of a pound of fine suet, the same quantity of chopped apples and dried currants, five eggs, and the rind of a lemon. Put it into a mould, and boil it three hours. Serve it with sweet sauce.

RECIPES FOR THE TOILET.—Green tea is said to be an excellent preventive for falling hair. Also some have found sage tea to answer the same purpose. The latter has been highly recommended where the hair is very thin; and if persevered in will produce a thicker growth. One young lady asserts that by persevering with the sage tea, her hair grew so heavy, she necessarily discontinued the use of the same.

For cleansing the roots of the hair and freeing the scalp from dirt, borax water is worthy a trial. It forms a lather equal to soap, and is of itself harmless. To black or dark hair borax water also imparts a gloss. Before dissolving, powder the borax fine. Rain water is preferable to that of either a well or spring, being softer.

For the skin also, borax water is a purifier. So is gum tolu. The latter can be easily obtained in small quantities at any drug store, and is to be kept with the toilet articles. Drop into the basin a short time before washing the face or hands. We have known the latter, in fact both named articles, to be tried with great success.

Those ladies who care to preserve the natural gifts of Heaven can do so without powder or paint, (which eventually destroy all beauty,) and at a trifling expense.—H. G. B., *in Mass. Ploughman.*

THE DEPARTMENT.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 4, 10, 5, 12, is an ornament to all cities.
My 3, 10, 9, 7, is a kind of seed.
My 9, 13, 10, 14, is a fruit.
My 11, 5, 1, 6, is a musical term.
My 11, 2, 6, 5, is a ceremony.
My 14, 10, 12, 7, is a gardener's tool.
My 1, 4, 7, 10, 14, is an Indian weapon.
My whole was a celebrated British naval commander.
Cincinnati, Ohio. S. HORACE G.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in watch, but not in clock.
My 2d is in hit, but not in knock.
My 3d is in left, but not in right.
My 4th is in strength, but not in might.
My 5th is in dale, but not in hill.
My 6th is in cent, but not in mill.
My 7th is in urn, but not in bowl.
My 8th is in heart, but not in soul.
My 9th is in world, but not in earth.
My 10th is in death, but not in birth.
My 11th is in day, but not in hour.
My 12th is in sweet, but not in sour.
My 13th is in vile, but not in good.
My 14th is in lumber, but not in wood.
My 15th is in soon, but not in late.
My 16th is in slide, but not in skate.
My 17th is in pain, but not in joy.
My 18th is in girl, but not in boy.
My 19th is port, but not in ale.
My 20th is in cold, but not in stale.
My 21st is in sun, but not in moon.
My 22d is in late, but not in soon.

"My whole I admire,
While sitting by my fire,
These cold wintry nights."

Cincinnati, O. CAPT. L. BLEHESTER.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A country in Asia.
A country in South America.
A river in Russia.
A country in Europe.
A territory in the United States.
A city in Iowa.
A city in Italy.
A river in Asia.
My initials for one of the battles of the war.
My finals the state in which it was fought.
Robbinsville, N. J. J. L. SINGLETON.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a girl's nickname in our town.
My second is a personal pronoun.
My third is a General in the Union cause.
Who fights for our country and its laws.
My whole is one who leaves one country for another. YATES.
St. Louis.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a conjunction.
My second is an article of pastry.
My third is a verb meaning *designed.*
My whole is a chemical compound of arsenic.
Cincinnati, Ohio. S. HORACE G.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an animal.
My second is a girl's name.
My third is a girl's name.
My whole is a country.
Cincinnati, O. S. HORACE G.

Algebraical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain traveller, whom we will call A, set out from the city of C to journey to the city of D. When he had been travelling 14 hours, another traveller, whom we will call B, started from the city of D to travel, by the same road, but not at the same rate of speed, to the city of C. When A had travelled 216 miles, he *overtook* a drove; B *met* the same drove 56 hours afterwards. When B had travelled 150 miles, he was *overtaken* by an express; A *met* the express 21 hours afterwards. A *met* B on the way between C and D just 1 hour and 15 minutes *after* the drove and express met. A arrived at D 12 hours and 20 minutes *after* the express got to C, and B arrived at C 24 hours and 40 minutes *before* the drove got to D. Required, the hourly speed of A and B, the hourly speed of the drove and express, and the distance from C to D.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Given the hypothenuse (10 rods) of a right-angled triangle, and the difference of two lines drawn from its extremities to the centre of the inscribed circle, (2 rods.) Required, to find the base and perpendicular.

Scott Co., Iowa. MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What great man, though always in England, never visits London? Ans.—Manchester.

☞ What man will instruct you without speaking, and submit to be carried in your hand? Ans.—Manual.

☞ What man is 't no cannibalism to eat? Ans.—Mango.

☞ What man is quietly permitted to embrace a lady in the street? Ans.—Mantle.

☞ What man is the best bred? Ans.—Gentleman.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—The Proclamation of Emancipation by President Lincoln. RIDDLE—Branch, (Remove, Ax, Cob, Arch, Can, Crab.) RIDDLE—Morning. CHARADE—Madeira. CHARADE—Tudor, (Two, d'or.)

Answer to W. Hendy's PROBLEM, published Oct. 29th:—Side of required square, 1.666621 ft. Sides of greatest rectangle, 1.363756 ft., and 4.1886166 ft.—Morgan Stevens, and Reuben Barto.